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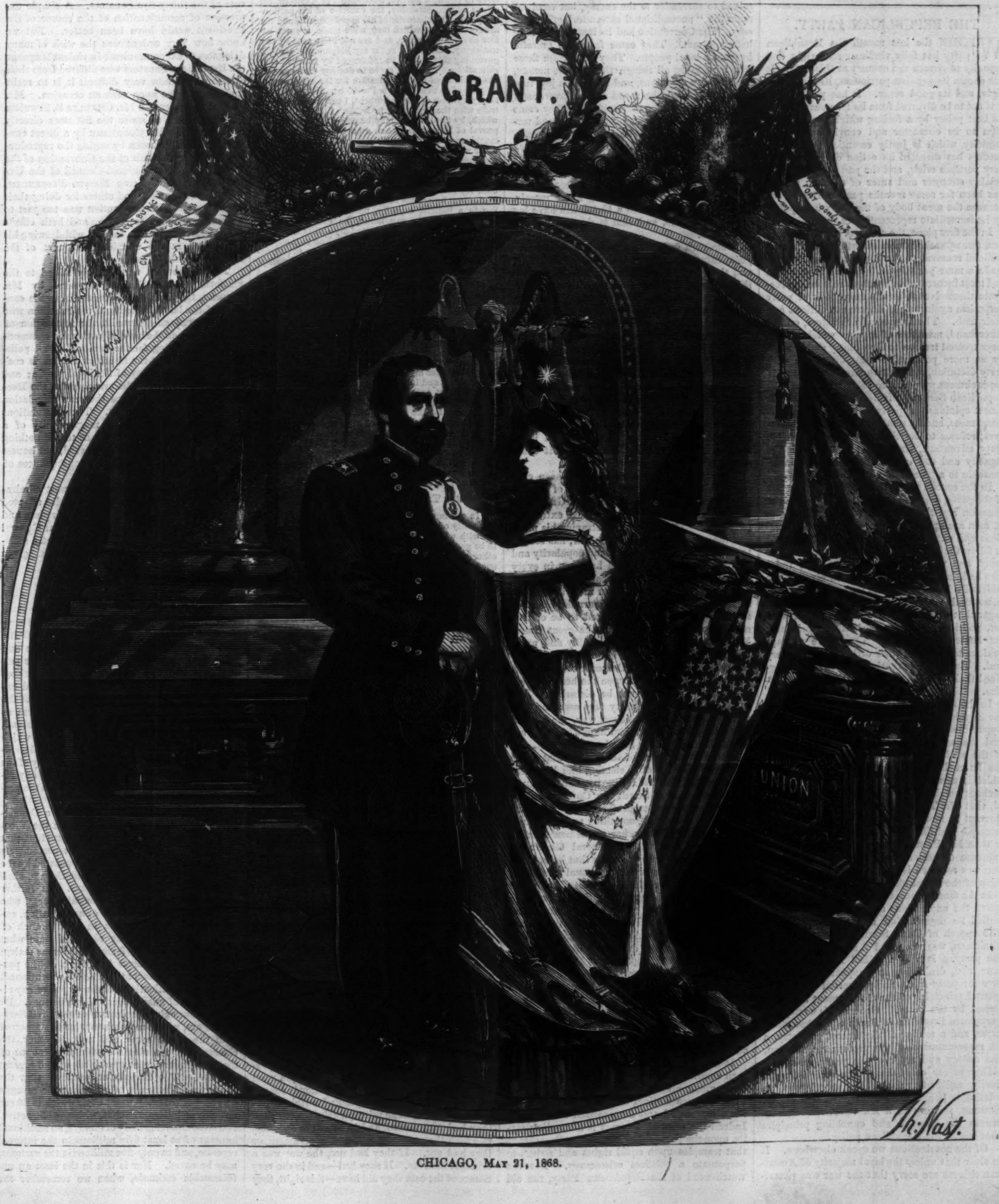
GRANT.
VICKSBURGH
CHATTANOOGA
FORT DONELSON
UNION
Th: Nast.

CHICAGO, May 21, 1868.

TOO LATE.

Only a dreamful slumber,
But high has soared the sun;
Only a moment wasted,
A duty left undone.
Only a word unspoken
(Was thine the blame, oh Fate?),
Only a promise broken,
Only an hour too late.
Only a half-hushed whisper
Instead of laughter sweet;
Only a stranger shadow
Where once fell gentle feet.
Only the close-drawn curtains
Around a quiet bed;
Only the white hands folded,
Only the peaceful dead.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, June 6, 1868.

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THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

WITHIN the last month the Republican party has fully vindicated its right and capacity to govern the country at this time. It has shown its genuine patriotism, its high principle, and its good sense. It has proved that it is not to be diverted from its true purpose and its best policy by a feeling which is really foreign to its character and convictions. The sagacity which is justly essential to political success has directed its action during the late very perilous crisis, and the party is now incalculably stronger and surer of triumph than it has been for some months past. And this is because the great body of the party has spoken by its immediate representatives.

In the first place, the action of the Republican Senators upon the impeachment showed that the judicial removal of the President could not be made a mere party issue. Some of the ablest and most incorruptible Senators refused to prostitute themselves to be the mere tools of party despotism against their sincere convictions and their oath. The Democratic Senators, on the other hand, members of a party which has always treated treason to the country and humanity as more pardonable than difference with party dictation, voted throughout the trial as if impeachment were a mere party measure. The Republican Senators divided according to their honest opinions. A party which, under the circumstances, and by some of its best representatives, refuses to clutch recklessly at a possible party advantage, shows that it has both the sagacity and the conscience which are indispensable to a true national welfare.

In the second place, the General Convention of the party, despite the peculiar pressure of the situation and the ease with which great bodies of men are apt to be swept toward hot expressions and extreme measures, pointedly refused to follow the counsel of the unwisest men in the party, and would not brand as traitors those who had dared to be true to themselves in the midst of a hurricane of the foulest slander. It is noticeable also that those who were most eager that this course should be pursued, were not, politically speaking, primitive Christians, but Latter-Day Saints. They were perhaps anxious to establish their orthodoxy by a fiery zeal. But the Convention generously recognized their devotion without following their advice.

In the third place, the General Assembly of the Republican party denounced "all forms of Repudiation as a national crime," and declared that the national honor requires the payment of the national debt, "not only according to the letter but the spirit of the laws under which it was contracted." This most explicit declaration shows, as we have always contended, that Mr. Thaddeus Stevens and General Butler no more represented in this matter the principle and the policy of the Republican party than Mr. Pendleton. The unanimity and immense enthusiasm with which this declaration was received is one of the most cheering signs of the moral tone of the party.

In the fourth place, the same wisdom that inspired the expressions of the Convention controlled its organization and its nominations. The speech of Carl Schurz, the temporary Chairman, was worthy of the occasion and of the party. It was dignified in manner and tone, and, disdaining any appeal to prejudice or mere party-spirit, nobly asserted the fundamental principles of the Government as maintained by the party. General Hawley, the permanent President, is a man of spotless character, and a soldier of the utmost gallantry, a fit representative of the profound conviction, the energy and ardor of the party. No presiding officer could have been selected more justly satisfactory; and his speech was an admirable counterpart in spirit of that of Mr. Schurz, reciting in a few terse, ringing sentences the humane and ennobling principles that mould the Republican policy.

Of the nominations we speak elsewhere. It is clear that unless the loyal majority of American citizens are sorry that the war was victoriously ended, and sigh to return again to the dreary days when there was the form only, not the fact, of union, they will see in the brief, wise, and harmonious action of the representatives fresh from the Republican sentiment of every State, and in the manly adherence to honest conviction and to the sanctity of their oaths upon the part of Republican Senators, the evidence of the vigor, purity, and practical sagacity of the great dominant party of justice and humanity, which, with organization and energy, is sure to win as great and glorious a victory at the polls as Grant and the hundreds of thousands of brave soldiers and sailors achieved in battle.

GRANT AND COLFAX.

"Gentlemen of the Convention, you have six hundred and fifty votes, and you have given six hundred and fifty votes for General Ulysses S. Grant." So said General Hawley, the President of the Republican Chicago Convention of 1868, which was not, like the Democratic Chicago Convention of 1864, a Convention resolved to surrender *to* the enemy, but resolved upon the "unconditional surrender" *of* the enemy. The Convention had its instructions long before it met. They came from the grateful heart of a loyal people. They came from those who have given all things, time, labor, money, their heart's affections, and their life's joy, that the country might be saved and a Government founded upon justice maintained. They came from those who did not think the long and terrible war an event to be at once forgotten—from those who know that its causes were deep and vital, from those who are resolved that its results shall be secure and abiding. They came from those who mean that at last there shall be a true Union, not the mocking name merely, and who know that such a Union can have but one corner-stone, and that is the equal rights of all men.

From such feelings and convictions and purposes came the instructions of the Convention, and they had already expressed themselves in the name of one man; a man whose fidelity, simplicity, sagacity, honesty, and persistence, have all been displayed in the most illustrious career of the time; whom no political combinations have entangled, and no personal ambition betrayed; a man in whose detraction malice spends itself in vain, and in whose defamation the most skillful falsehood is not plausible. It was evident from the moment that the war ended by the surrender of Lee, that, unless this nation were unlike all other nations, and unless it had been incredibly deceived in the character and capacity of its great hero, it would insist upon offering him the highest honor it could command.

The wisdom of that instinct has been constantly confirmed by the experience of the last five years. The position of General Grant has inevitably exposed him to the most extraordinary trials. The President, betraying his party and the cause victorious in the war, has sought to make use of the character and popularity and position of the General, and has been in every case signally and hopelessly baffled. The General's conduct, although often most bitterly assailed by the most reckless journals, has confounded his censors and proved to be of true service to the country and to the great cause. Yet all has been done as tranquilly and unostentatiously as if he were still a captain of infantry doing his duty at the most obscure post. The hold of such a man upon the heart of such a people as this, can not be disturbed. We shall see Democratic party fury assailing him in every pitiful and malicious way, the air will be thick with aspersions and hum with lies; but all of them will drop harmless from him, and from the great heart of the people that trusts him—the people that in electing him President continue the line of Washington and Lincoln.

The selection of Schuyler Colfax for the Vice-Presidency was most fortunate. With one exception, there was something to be seriously urged against all the other gentlemen named; but against Colfax, as General Grant remarked, all that can be said is that he is a Republican. To the highest personal character, an integrity upon which suspicion has never breathed, he adds great political experience and sagacity, strong political conviction, and an honest party fidelity, with an extraordinary tact and urbanity which have made him universally popular and have conciliated the regard of his political opponents. However warm the feeling of the friends of the other candidates, no selection could have been made which was sure to excite so little hostility as that of Mr. Colfax; and the country will be confident that whatever may happen the fidelity of Schuyler Colfax will be always as conspicuous as the apostasy of Andrew Johnson.

It is not surprising that the nomination of such candidates has aroused universal enthusiasm among all truly loyal men, and startled with the sure instinct of overwhelming defeat the disorganized and demoralized Democracy. Indeed the word Democracy is a standing satire upon the party that claims it—a Democracy that tramples upon equal rights and strives to perpetuate a political aristocracy. Let the watch-word of the Republican Party, the old guard of the Union, be Union. Let the differences that have separated upon minor points those who cherish the same fundamental political faith be buried out of sight, and with the same sublime unity with which we moved to victory during the war let us now advance resistlessly to secure that victory.

THE DISSENTING SENATORS.

Whoever has read the opinions of Senators Fessenden, Grimes, and Trumbull, however he may regret the conclusions to which they come, will not deny the ability, dignity, and candor with which their views are stated. They all knew the storm of obloquy that was sure to follow their action, but they leave no doubt that, however they may differ with many of their party friends upon the particular point involved in the Impeachment, they are still in hearty sympathy with the great purposes of the party.

Senator Grimes said:

> "Mr. Johnson's character as a statesman, his relations to political parties, his conduct as a citizen, his efforts at reconstruction, the exercise of his pardoning power, the character of his appointments, and the influences under which they were made, are not before us on any charges, and are not impugned by any testimony. Nor can I suffer my judgment of the law governing this case to be influenced by political considerations. I can not agree to destroy the harmonious working of the Constitution for the sake of getting rid of an unacceptable President. Whatever may be my opinion of the incumbent, I can not consent to trifle with the high office he holds. I can do nothing which, by implication, may be construed into an approval of impeachments as a part of future political machinery. However widely, therefore, I may and do differ with the President respecting his political views and measures, and however deeply I have regretted, and do regret the differences between himself and the Congress of the United States, I am not able to record my vote that he is guilty of high crimes and misdemeanors by reason of those differences. I am acting in a judicial capacity, under conditions whose binding obligation can hardly be exceeded, and I must act according to the best of my ability and judgment, and as they require. If, according to their dictates, the President is guilty, I *must* say so; if, according to their dictates, the President is not guilty, I *must* say so."

Senator Fessenden said:

> "The people have not heard the evidence as we have heard it. The responsibility is not upon them, but upon us. They have not taken an oath to do impartial justice according to the Constitution and the laws. I have taken that oath; I can not render judgment upon their conviction, nor can they transfer to themselves my punishment if I violate my oath. I should consider myself undeserving of the confidence that the just and intelligent people imposed upon me in this great responsibility, and unworthy a place among honorable men, if, for any fear of public reprobation, and for the sake of securing popular favor, I should disregard the conviction of my judgment and my conscience. The consequences which may follow, either from conviction or acquittal, are not for me, with my convictions, to consider. The future is in the hands of Him who made and governs the universe, and the fear that He will not govern it wisely and well would not excuse me for a violation of His law."

Senator Trumbull said:

> "In coming to the conclusion that the President is not guilty of any of the high crimes and misdemeanors with which he stands charged, I have endeavored to be governed by the case made without reference to other acts of his not contained in the record, and without giving the least heed to the clamor of intemperate zealots who demand the conviction of Andrew Johnson as a test of party faith, or seek to identify with and make responsible for his acts those who from convictions of duty feel compelled on the case made to vote for his acquittal. His speeches and the general course of his administration have been as distasteful to me as to any one, and I should consider it the great calamity of the age if the disloyal element, so often encouraged by his measures, should gain political ascendency. If the question was, is Andrew Johnson a fit person for President? I should answer *no*; but it is not a party question, nor upon Andrew Johnson's deeds and acts, except so far as they are made to appear in the record, that I am to decide.....In view of the consequences likely to flow from this day's proceedings, should they result in conviction on what my judgment tells me are insufficient charges and proofs, I tremble for the future of my country. I can not be an instrument to produce such a result; and at the hazard of the ties even of friendship and affection, till calmer times shall do justice to my motives, no alternative is left me but the inflexible discharge of duty."

Any party would be infinitely poorer which should lose the sympathy and support of such men; and a party which should formally exclude them would justly forfeit the sympathy of the most intelligent and honest citizens.

THE REPUBLICAN PLATFORM.

The Platform of the Chicago Convention—which we print elsewhere—is a frank, simple, and satisfactory statement of the great principles of the Republican party. It does not evade nor equivocate. It applauds reconstruction upon the condition of equality of civil and political rights. It declares plainly that "every consideration of public safety, of gratitude, and of justice" demanded the guaranty by Congress of equal suffrage to all loyal men in the Southern States, while in the loyal States the subject properly belongs to the people of those States. This is the principle upon which the whole reconstruction policy is founded. Either the loyal people had a right to secure upon Republican principles the Union which they had maintained, and in some of the States of which they must initiate civil government, or they had not. If they had not, the war was a criminal blunder. If they had—and in the very nature of the case they did have—this right, they have used it wisely. There is no point upon which the party may more safely go to the country. There is none upon which the intelligence of the people is more unanimous.

The Platform, as we have remarked elsewhere, trenchantly denounces all forms of Repudiation as a national crime; declares that taxation should be equalized, and should be reduced as rapidly as the national faith will permit. It truly states that the ill-repute of our national credit which compels us to pay high rates of interest is due to the threats of repudiation, partial or total, open or covert. It asserts as a permanent policy the principle that naturalized citizens must be every where protected as if they were native born; and declares that the legal bounties and pensions of the soldiers and sailors are binding obligations. The Platform further expresses sympathy with "all oppressed peoples," and hopes for a liberal and just policy in promoting immigration; calls for strict economy, and condemns the corruptions of Andrew Johnson's administration.

There is a long arraignment of the President, and an approval of the impeachment and of the vote of the thirty-five Senators. A simple expression of condemnation of the course of the President would have been better. But we know how very ardent was the wish of many delegates to excommunicate in violent language the Republican Senators who differed from their brethren, and how very difficult it is to resist such an impulse upon such an occasion. Mr. John Cochrane and Mr. Charles S. Spencer tried very hard to smite the Senators directly or indirectly. Mr. Cochrane by a direct censure, and Mr. Spencer by urging the reproduction upon the journals of the Convention of the resolutions of the National Council of the Union League, denouncing Messrs. Fessenden, Grimes, Trumbull, and others for doing their sworn duty. The Convention was too just to authorize such an aspersion, and both efforts failed; Mr. Cochrane, indeed, withdrawing his proposition at the unanimous request of the New York delegation.

The Convention unanimously added to the platform two resolutions proposed by Mr. Schurz, the first heartily recognizing the conduct of the late adherents of the rebellion who now sincerely co-operate in the restoration of the Union upon the basis of justice and commonsense, and calling for the removal of all political disabilities at the South as fast as is consistent with the safety of the loyal people; and the second declaring the principles of the Declaration of Independence the true foundation of democratic government. These resolutions properly express the true magnanimity of a party that has asked and means to ask nothing of rebels who have been conquered, but honest acquiescence in the legitimate consequences of victory.

The Platform as it stands is a most admirable and vigorous manifest of principles adapted to the situation of the country. It is plain and positive; and it is not surprising that General Grant declared himself to be perfectly satisfied with it. The Republican party has given its word, and it will fulfill it.

HOW WE ARE CHEATED.

The Government of the United States pays more for poorer service than any citizen. The universal scramble for office, the doctrine and practice of spoils to the victor, corrupt our politics more than any other causes; nor is it possible to see any end to the corruption and extravagance and consequent extreme peril of the whole system, except in some such reform as that proposed by Mr. Jenckes, of Rhode Island, in his Civil Service Bill. The speech with which he presented the bill states very clearly and strikingly the actual situation and the necessity of the reform, and we do not believe there is any reflecting man who does not sincerely wish the passage of the bill.

It is very simple. It establishes a Department of the Civil Service, of which the Vice-President is to be the head, and provides that all officers of that service, except postmasters and such as are required to be appointed by the President with the consent of the Senate, shall be made from qualified persons. It further provides a Board of four Commissioners, who are to determine all details of qualification, examination, and promotion in each branch of the service. They may also designate what offices may be held by females as well as males; may require any officer in service at the passage of the act, except those already mentioned, to pass an examination; and may judge any alleged cases of misconduct and inefficiency. By such a thorough organization of the Civil Service system, whose members are more numerous than the whole army and navy together, the Government can obtain double the amount of the present service at two-thirds of the present expense. The Committee estimate that the saving in the expense of collecting the revenue will be half of its present cost, which is fifteen millions of dollars, and that, with an able, active, and self-respecting body of officers, an additional amount of at least fifty millions in the internal revenue, and twenty-five millions in the customs, may be saved. Nor is this in the least an unreasonable estimate, when we remember the notorious official incapacity and corruption and consequent evasion which now prevails.

Mr. Jenckes very properly counts upon the enormous gain both in the economy and the character of the public civil service by introducing the same sentiment of honor and *esprit de corps* that prevail in the service of arms. "Who," he asks, "ever loads his declamations with cases of peculation among the officers of the army and navy? Who ever charges them with connivance at stealing? Who thinks of exacting bonds of an admiral or sureties from the commander of a department? And why? Because their honor and the good of the service are one. The admiral of a fleet may disburse more than the collector of a port receives; but how different is the position of each in the national service! I desire to see the collector of a port or of a district raised to an equal position to that of a general or a commodore." This is certainly not an extravagant desire; and unless we are willing to admit that ignorance and rascality combined with party devotion are qualifications for a multitude of the most important public employments, we shall cordially agree with Mr. Jenckes, and see that the way to begin the reform is to prescribe by law qualification of character and capacity.

The Civil Service Bill contemplates a truly conservative policy. We do not mean the conservatism of Tammany Hall, the City Hall, and the Ring, but the conservatism of economy, prudence, and intelligence. The other conservatism, of the Tammany and Mozart school, is intrenched in ignorance and consequent corruption and extravagance. There are few propositions against which it would more zealously struggle than against that of Mr. Jenckes; for imagine the consternation that a practical enforcement of the Jeffersonian principle of capacity and honesty in every grade of the public service would produce among the office-holders and seekers who call themselves Democrats, because they vote the ticket which the Ring dictates and Tammany proclaims! But the bill would immensely strengthen the foundations of the Government by stimulating education and making official fidelity and industry essential. It would palpably reduce taxation and help to pay the debt. It would remove much of the dangerous bitterness from our political contests, and elevate them from a scramble for the spoils into a contest of principles. There is no bill before Congress of more vital importance, and we hope for the speedy passage of a law that can not be plausibly opposed.

THE REPUBLICAN PLATFORM THE HOPE OF THE SOUTH.

In adopting the resolutions of Carl Schurz, of which we have elsewhere spoken, the Republican party has shown its earnest desire to complete the harmonious restoration of the Union, and to aid the Southern States in contributing once more to the general prosperity. The action of the Convention was both politic and magnanimous. The value of the products of those States to the common welfare was so great, as is well known, that the Secessionists counted upon it as a lever to induce the recognition and persuade the alliance of foreign Powers.

The natural resources of the Southern States are greater than those of the North, and the products far more varied in character. But those resources have never been developed as they might have been. Lands have been allowed to run to waste and wear out from lack of proper tillage, and, when cultivated, made to yield but a small part of what they might have produced by the employment of suitable agricultural implements under a profitable and proper system of labor. Still, if the South could make so fair a showing under its shuffling and negligent slave system, what an overflowing measure of abundance might be exacted from it if its farming population would devote themselves to their labor, regardless of color, with the same energy and well-directed application which characterize the North!

Already we perceive a marked improvement in these respects that is truly encouraging for the future. The industrial disorganization occasioned by the rebellion is being compensated by the introduction of fertilizers and labor-saving implements, and increased industry among the whites. This assertion is not applicable to all sections of the South, but it is true of very many. We have such encouraging assurances of the industrial condition of various States or parts of States as may well excite surprise when all the difficulties of the case are considered. For instance, a Georgia editor informs the New York *Times* that the gross proceeds of last year's crops in that State, including cotton, corn, wheat, and rice, are very nearly as large as formerly. The cotton crop alone yielded over $30,000,000. Factories also are yielding large dividends. In other States the work of recuperation is in an advanced state of progress; and it only needs the fostering care and judicious assistance of the Republican party and a Republican administration to bring back again the "flush times" of which we were once so fond of speaking.

The South is surfeited with politics for the present. It doubtless prefers to prove the sincerity of the party in power rather than trust the promises of those outsiders who have nothing to lose, but every thing to gain. What it specially needs, is to have the machinery of business adjusted and at work in its proper grooves.

Now let Congress wisely, not rashly, respond to the pledges of the party Platform, and nothing can prevent the triumphant election of the unexceptionable ticket now before the people.

LATEST FROM CHINA.

Mr. Burlingame, the chief of the flowery Embassy, in his speech at San Francisco, very diplomatically said nothing. But he explained that it would be highly improper for him to reveal any of the secrets of his mission until he reached the seat of Government. So he merely stated, in the pleasantest way, that his mission meant progress. It meant the closer intimacy of China with other nations, and a consequent better international understanding. He drew a good picture of the ancient empire, the original inventor of so many of the glories of civilization, descending and hobnobbing with the mere mob of modern "peoples." Mr. Burlingame was gracious and fluent as he always is, and he justified by his reticence the wisdom of Tunche, the brother of the sun, the cousin of the moon, and the great grandfather of the fixed stars, in selecting him as embassador to the Great Powers.

Apart from the humors of the event there is remarkable significance in the presence of the Chinese Embassy here so soon after that of the Japanese. Reluctant Asia begins slowly to wheel into line. Geographical remoteness and obscurity are disappearing. The inventions which China has fostered are destroying the seclusion which seemed almost a Chinese religion. And now the oldest and most disdainfully exclusive of empires selects a citizen of the young republic to be her messenger to the nations which she has hitherto declined to recognize in the usual manner. Of course there are many speculations upon the probable purpose of the mission. There is something so improbable in the supposition that the Chinese Government, without urging, suddenly resolved to open friendly communication with other nations by means of a foreigner, that it is more plausible to assume the embassy to be a foreign suggestion. We observe, accordingly, that it has been attributed to Mr. Hart, the Inspector-General of Marine Customs—a suggestion which a correspondent of the *Tribune* says "we know was not the case," denying that the idea of the embassy was due to any foreigner. The same authority is of opinion that one chief object of the mission is the negotiation of a loan. This, however, is not so very unusual an object as to demand the veil of mystery. It is not very supposable that Mr Burlingame is going about among the Great Powers to cheapen a loan by promise of commercial advantages. Besides, it is useless, for the Chinese empire could as easily have staid at home, and have invited proposals.

If, again, the object were to enter into "the federation of the world," why send a single embassador, and he a foreigner, to travel from state to state, instead of sending a minister to every state that maintained one in China? Or is there some immense secret about tea to be gently broken to mankind? Is the advice of civilization sought upon the subject of queues? Are the Chinese women asserting their right to unlimited feet? Are rats to be discarded for horses as food? These are natural questions. But we must have patience. Even the Chamber of Commerce must have patience; and if it dines Mr. Burlingame before he goes to Washington, it must content itself with flowers instead of fruit. Meanwhile it is pleasant to know that a countryman of ours, by his ability and courtesy, had so commanded the respect and confidence of the Chinese Government that it selected him for so imposing and probably so important a task.

THE ENGLISH CRISIS.

The remarkable notice by an Irish Member of Parliament of a motion to inquire why the Ministry had not advised the Queen to abdicate, if her health did not permit her to remain in the capital, is really a blow at Mr. Gladstone. For many of the members will suddenly ask themselves—and we mistake Mr. Disraeli if he does not ask them—why that is not the logical conclusion of the Liberal policy. Separate Church and State in Ireland, and you have smoothed the way for a separation in England. But when the mind of the people is once fixed upon the essential reason of such relations, and upon the philosophy of government, a point always carefully avoided in English political discussion—should the people not ask, why have an hereditary executive?

Indeed, when the glamour of royalty is gone, and the king has become merely "an hereditary executive," the crown is in great peril, not of being knocked off, but of falling off. The reason of the thing has expired. It has become an economical and other computation. The only question remaining is, how do we secure the most order most cheaply? No one who watches the course of English politics can escape seeing that such a question is becoming yearly more imminent. In every way the prestige of the crown disappears, and if the Queen were to die to-morrow there would be delay and a decided want of enthusiasm in the cry *Vive le Roi!*

The truth is, that while the Queen by her mild, maternal, and amiable character shields the crown from incisive criticism, her son, the Prince of Wales, invites and compels it. A youth without parts and of no promise, devoted to theatres, clubs, and much more questionable resorts, he offers nothing that can for a moment divert the searching question, what is the use of him? To the general intelligence of the British people it must be more and more impossible to answer the question, as they see the Prince lounging at White's, or roaring out the cider-cellar lyrics, or dancing at the *Jardin Mabille*, while the Princess Alexandra sits silent and sad at home, why do we pay such enormous sums to maintain this young gentleman and the system of which he is a part? Do we need this pageant of royalty any longer?

Indeed, if what is currently reported and generally believed, both of the Prince of Wales and of his younger brother the Duke of Edinburgh, be true, the regard of the English people for the regal system will be very much relaxed when they are its conspicuous representatives. A young man like the late Archduke Maximilian, who had an interest in affairs of state and intelligence sufficient to guide him to conduct that should endear him personally to the people and thereby protect the monarchy, would have made a very different use of the opportunities offered to an English Crown Prince. Such a man would not have found it impossible to create an immense and resistless loyalty in Ireland by identifying himself with fundamental Irish reforms, and residing long and familiarly in the country. The late visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to "the brightest gem of the sea" shows how readily touched the heart of the race is, and how flexible it would be under skillful treatment.

The British heir-apparent seems to reproduce the tastes and general conduct of the late lamented Prince Regent, without his opportunities and companions. Prince Albert Edward, indeed, lives only forty years later than his grand-uncle, Prince George, but there is a century of progressive intelligence between their epochs. George IV. had all the advantage of the immense reaction toward royal privilege of his father's reign, and of that which followed the French Revolution. Albert Edward lives when the great Republic has revealed the power of popular government, and when the principle of that government carries fundamental reforms in England. The real tenacity of the system upon the hearts of the people will be tested by the Prince, who can have no other hold of them.

The British system has not been strengthened by the late extraordinary course of Mr. Disraeli in endeavoring to put the Queen forward as an active agent in politics. It is too much to expect that a man who has been struggling for sixty years to reach a lofty station will consent to be driven from it forever in a fortnight. And the antecedents of the Prime Minister should have assured every body that he would hardly hesitate to strain the system to save himself. The British crisis is most remarkable, and not even the excitement of our own can destroy the interest with which events in England must now be contemplated.

DEMOCRATIC "PEACE AND VIRTUE."

In speaking of the Congressional plan of reconstruction under which the late rebel States are returning to the Union, a Democratic paper says: "Whether that policy will stand depends on the result of the Presidential election; and it is not yet clear that the country will consent to maintain great permanent armies in the South to uphold a policy which its white population abhors." This is a plain declaration that if the Democratic party succeed it will reopen the whole question of reconstruction and undertake a policy which will disfranchise the loyal colored voters, and place the political power in the hands of the late rebels.

It is with this understanding that General Beauregard, one of the most offensive of the rebel leaders, wrote last year that the Southern people—meaning those who favored the rebellion—"must submit, but with that calm dignity becoming our manhood and lost independence. ......A futile resistance would only cause our rivets to be driven closer." But, looking to a possible Democratic ascendency, he adds: "Our people should understand that the Radicals can remain in power only so long as the public excitement is kept up." He thinks they will disappear "when peace and virtue are restored to the country." That is, when Vallandigham, the Seymours, and the modest and truthful Beauregard come into power.

With the same understanding General N. B. Forrest, another rebel general, speaks of the army of "the Confederacy" as the "true representatives of the greater portion of the Constitution men of the States," and adds: "The only hope of a restoration of a good government in this country is the success of the National Democracy in the next presidential campaign." This is precisely what the newspapers and orators of the rebellion used to say during the war. There would be no good government until the party that thought the war a failure succeeded.

It is not surprising that Forrest and Beauregard cling to their "lost cause," nor that they befriend the party that, as a party, did what it could to serve their cause. Neither is it surprising that the papers of that party are in favor of intrusting the political control of the Southern States to Messrs. Beauregard, Forrest, Quantrell, & Co. But it would be a little surprising if the loyal American people, who have no sympathy for that cause, should turn from the great captain of their glorious victory over it, to honor and trust the men and the party who loaded the country with its heavy debt and filled its homes with mourning.

The Republican party declares that every man, white or black, in the late rebel States shall have his own rights; the Democratic party insists that the white men in those States shall have their own rights and all those of the colored men too. Beauregard and Forrest cry Amen. They are of opinion that that is "peace and virtue." And if they and their Democratic friends could only succeed, that is the "conservatism" which they would introduce.

BITING A FILE.

Last autumn when the New York *World* hoped that somehow or other General Grant might be seduced from the plain patriotic path of duty, it said of him:

> "*Of the steadiness and stanchness of General Grant's patriotism or the uprightness and solidity of his character, no man in the country doubts or affects to doubt..... On the score of loyalty and solid public services no man in the country can come into competition with this illustrious soldier.*"

Now that he has been nominated for the Presidency upon a platform of equal rights the *World* gives this biography of him:

> "This man has been nominated for President by the Chicago Convention. The facts of his life are: Born at Point Pleasant, Ohio, April 27, 1822, entered West Point in 1837, graduated, 1843, a second lieutenant, and resigned, in 1852, a captain. In 1854 was applicant for a clerkship to the Prothonotary of St. Louis. The application was rejected 'for want of capacity.' He then went to Galena, and became a tanner. In August, 1861, he entered the Federal army as a captain, was tranferred to the regular service, where he still remains."

It also says: "We challenge inquiry into the grounds of General Grant's fame as a soldier."

Union soldiers and sailors will observe that this is the way in which a paper, which four years ago stood upon the platform that the war was a failure, now speaks of the man who defeated its hopes and brought rebellion to an unconditional surrender. And the manner in which it spoke of him when it thought that its party could use him, and now when it has discovered that it can not, reveals the exact value of its praise or censure. Another illustration of a viper biting a file was Freneau's *National Gazette* slandering Washington.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

Action in both Houses during the dates embraced in our news has been confined almost exclusively to the inquiry which was then being made into alleged bribery of certain Senators in the Impeachment matter. A portion of the report of the House Committee was read on May 25, but for the purpose only of obtaining the order of the House for the arrest of Charles W. Wooley, a refractory witness.

The Deficiency Bill, appropriating $2,000,000 was passed by the House on May 25.

NEWS ITEMS.

Official dispatches received at the Navy Department state that the *Monongahela* has finally been gotten off from the beach at St. Croix, where she was stranded by the tidal wave accompanying one of the earthquakes last fall.

Four acres of apparently solid ground in Hamilton County, Florida, recently sunk to the depth of fifty feet, the pit thus formed being gradually filled with water.

A collision occurred on the New York and Erie Railroad, near Callicoon, on May 23, by which one man was killed and another severely injured. A misplaced switch occasioned the trouble.

A gang of bold robbers on the night of May 23 seized upon the engine and express car of a railroad train at Seymour, Indiana, disengaged them from the train, and, while in rapid motion, threw the expressman out of the window, and robbed three safes in charge of the Adams Express Company of over $40,000.

A heavy snow-storm fell in San Antonio, Texas, on the 19th of May, destroying property to the value of half a million dollars, besides killing several persons.

The Union Pacific Railroad has been opened to business six hundred miles beyond Omaha, Nebraska. Sixty miles have been built this spring, and a larger force of laborers than ever is at work on the road.

FOREIGN NEWS.

More outrages on Americans in Hayti are reported. Mr. J. B. Hepburn, of Virginia, was shot on May 5, and the house of a Mrs. Hamilton was riddled by bullets although the American flag was over the door. Salnave has declared himself Dictator, but the revolutionists have surrounded him in Port-au-Prince. Two English vessels are there to protect foreigners. The United States steamer *De Soto* had left Port-au-Prince, being short of provisions, and the American Consul had telegraphed to Washington for help. The English commander had threatened to bombard Port-au-Prince if Salnave did not respect the rights of foreigners.

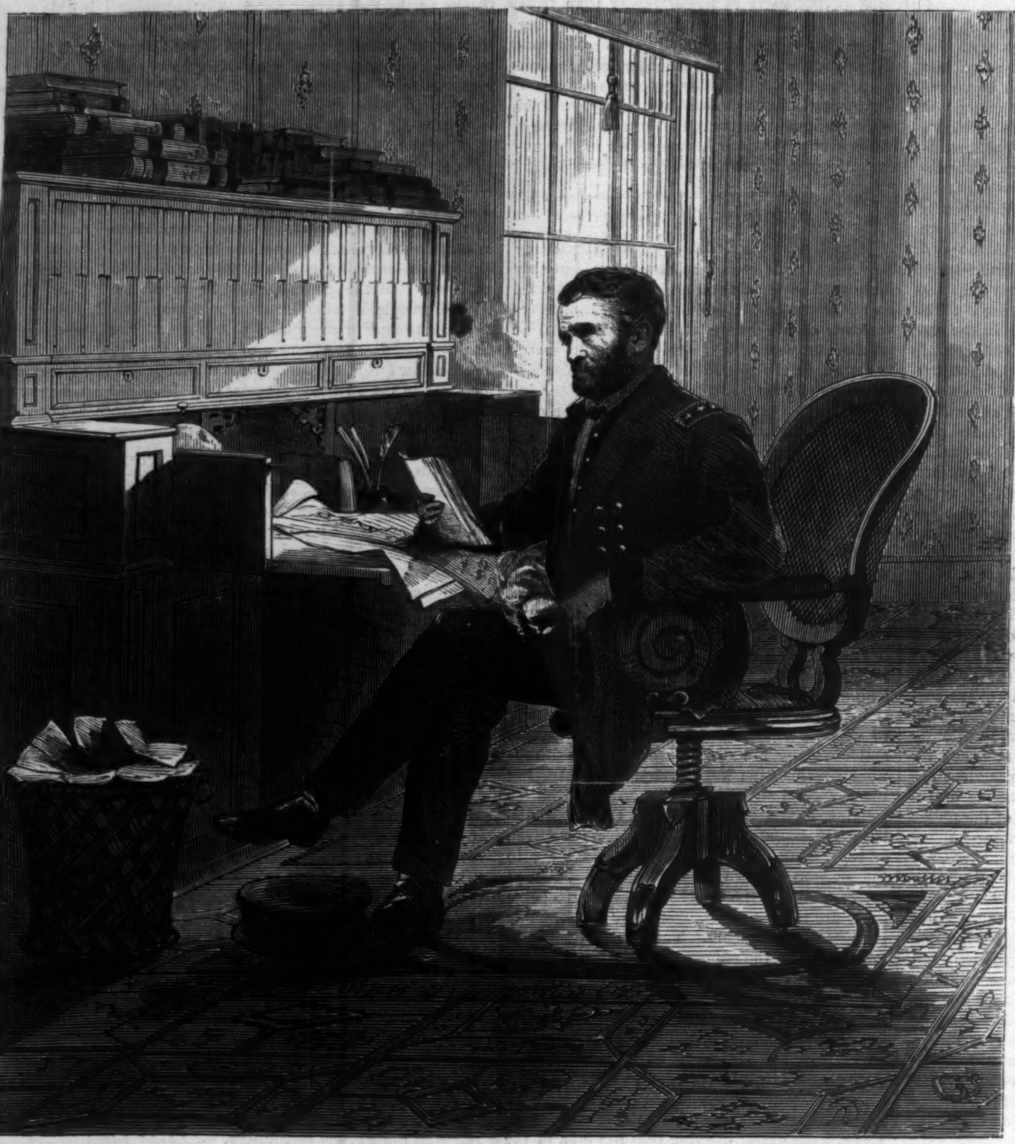
The capture of Curapaity proves to have been an abandonment. Only Quaker guns were found in it.

THE REPUBLICAN NOMINEES.

THE Republican Convention, which met at Chicago on May 20, nominated as its candidates for President and Vice-President General ULYSSES S. GRANT of Illinois, and SCHUYLER COLFAX of Indiana. We give elsewhere a full account, with illustrations, of the Convention.

We present on this page accurate portraits of the chosen candidates of the party. With the military history of General GRANT all our readers are familiar; in regard to his political antecedents very little is known, and his letter accepting the nomination will be the first positive expression of his convictions on the subject. It may be presumed, however, from a remark made by General GRANT on the reception of the news of his nomination, that they are in accordance with the principles of the platform. The General received the news of his nomination in his office at the Head-quarters of the Army, in Washington, the first announcement being made by Secretary STANTON, Congressmen HOOPER, AMES, and others. He at once inquired about the platform, and, on being handed a synopsis, he carefully read it, saying, after two or three minutes' consideration, "That is good." He afterward said that he was particularly pleased with the declaration against any form of repudiation. He remained at his room in Army Head-quarters through business hours, as illustrated in our engraving, reading in the course of the afternoon a large number of congratulatory telegrams.

The political convictions and career of Mr. COLFAX are as well known as the military life of the head of the ticket. In early life he was the editor of a paper at South Bend, Indiana, and in this sheet, as in many political speeches which he made about the same time, he was persistent in the advocacy of Whig doctrines and free-soil principles. He was in the Convention which in 1850 framed the present Constitution of Indiana, and strongly opposed the adoption of the clause prohibiting free colored men from settling in the State. In his whole course in Congress he has been a warm advocate of equal rights; and, as the Speaker of the Thirty-eighth, Thirty-ninth, and Fortieth Congresses, has, by his tact, decision, and general urbanity, "won golden opinions from all sorts of people."

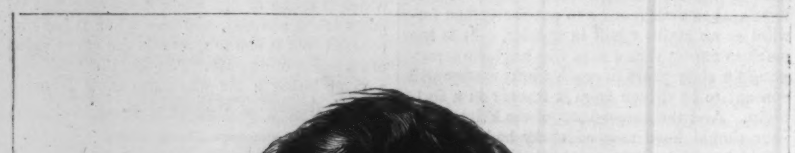


GENERAL GRANT AT ARMY HEAD-QUARTERS.—[SKETCHED BY T. R. DAVIS.]

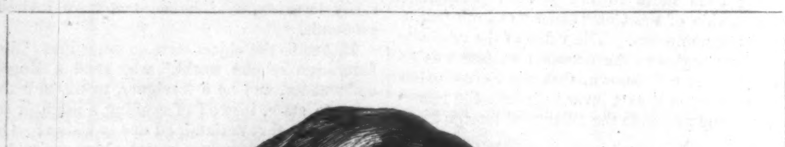
POPULAR ZOOLOGICAL ERRORS.

IT is curious that so much dislike should surround so inoffensive an animal as the hedgehog; and equally so, that every charge brought against it is erroneous. It is a firmly rooted belief in the minds of farmers that hedgehogs suck the milk from the cows when they are lying at night in the meadows. It is almost inconceivable how so absurd a notion as this should have gained ground, for any person who has ever looked at the mouth of a hedgehog must have seen that it would be physically impossible for the animal to suck a cow. In the first place, the mouth is much too small to enable it to grasp the teat; and in the second, the jaws are armed with a number of sharp, pointed teeth, so that if the hedgehog ever made the attempt, the pain caused would be such that the cow would immediately rise and thus get rid of its tormentor. Another equally strange superstition connected with the hedgehog is that it can never be poisoned. What the peculiar condition of the coats of the hedgehog's stomach is which gives it this desirable immunity no one has ventured to state; but the supposed fact is extensively and firmly believed. The cause of this belief has doubtless been the fact that the hedgehog, in common with some other animals, can resist the attacks of poisonous snakes. But as snake poison is peculiar in that it acts solely on the blood and not internally, the fact of any animal possessing a peculiar immunity from being poisoned in that particular manner will not by any means prove that it can not be poisoned by any of the more common modes with which we poor humans are, unhappily, too familiar.

The toad is accused of having the power of casting the evil-eye. How this absurd notion ever gained ground it is difficult to say, for so far from casting around malignant glances, it is so shy it will scarcely look any one in the face. The toad was also said to contain within its skull a stone, the possession of which would confer upon a human being the magical power of rendering himself invisible, together with many other rare and much to be prized gifts. Many were the unfortunate toads which fell victims to would-be wizards in their search after this wondrous stone. And now, in the cabinets of the curious virtuosi, may be found preserved stones which had been in ancient times supposed to have been extracted from the heads of toads. These, however, have proved on examination to be in most cases portions of one of those curious concretions called bezoar stones, and, in some, merely fragments of polished coprolite. The belief, however, that the toad is poisonous has, unlike the other popular superstitions connected with that animal, some foundation in fact. There is no doubt that the surface of the skin of the toad secretes a slightly irritating mucus calculated to protect it from the attacks of a dog or any other animal which seizes its prey in its mouth.



ULYSSES S. GRANT, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY.



SCHUYLER COLFAX, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR THE VICE-PRESIDENCY.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

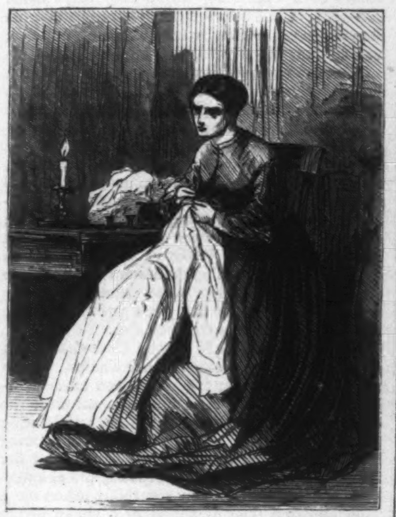
THE MOONSTONE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," etc.

Printed from the Author's Manuscript.

RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.



CHAPTER IV.

I HAVE not a word to say about my own sensations.

My impression is, that the shock inflicted on me completely suspended my thinking and feeling power. I certainly could not have known what I was about when Betteredge joined me—for I have it on his authority that I laughed, when he asked what was the matter, and, putting the night-gown into his hands, told him to read the riddle for himself.

Of what was said between us on the beach I have not the faintest recollection. The first place in which I can now see myself again plainly is the plantation of firs. Betteredge and I are walking back together to the house; and Betteredge is telling me that I shall be able to face it, and he will be able to face it, when we have had a glass of grog.

The scene shifts from the plantation to Betteredge's little sitting-room. My resolution not to enter Rachel's house is forgotten. I feel gratefully the coolness and shadiness and quiet of the room. I drink the grog (a perfectly new luxury to me, at that time of day), which my good old friend mixes with icy-cool water from the well. Under any other circumstances the drink would simply stupefy me. As things are it strings up my nerves. I begin to "face it," as Betteredge has predicted. And Betteredge, on his side, begins to "face it" too.

The picture which I am now presenting of myself, will, I suspect, be thought a very strange one, to say the least of it. Placed in a situation which may, I think, be described as entirely without parallel, what is the first proceeding to which I resort? Do I seclude myself from all human society? Do I set my mind to analyze the abominable impossibility which, nevertheless, confronts me as an undeniable fact? Do I hurry back to London by the first train to consult the highest authorities, and to set a searching inquiry on foot immediately? No. I accept the shelter of a house which I had resolved never to degrade myself by entering again; and I sit, tippling spirits and water in the company of an old servant, at ten o'clock in the morning. Is this the conduct that might have been expected from a man placed in my horrible position? I can only answer, that the sight of old Betteredge's familiar face was an inexpressible comfort to me, and that the drinking of old Betteredge's grog helped me, as I believe nothing else would have helped me, in the state of complete bodily and mental prostration into which I had fallen. I can only offer this excuse for myself; and I can only admire that invariable preservation of dignity, and that strictly logical consistency of conduct which distinguish every man and woman who may read these lines, in every emergency of their lives from the cradle to the grave.

"Now, Mr. Franklin, there's one thing certain, at any rate," said Betteredge, throwing the night-gown down on the table between us, and pointing to it as if it was a living creature that could hear him. "*He's* a liar, to begin with."

This comforting view of the matter was not the view that presented itself to my mind.

"I am as innocent of all knowledge of having taken the Diamond as you are," I said. "But there is the witness against me! The paint on the night-gown, and the name on the night-gown are facts."

Betteredge lifted my glass and put it persuasively into my hand.

"Facts?" he repeated. "Take a drop more grog, Mr. Franklin, and you'll get over the weakness of believing in facts! Foul play, Sir!" he continued, dropping his voice confidentially. "That is how I read the riddle. Foul play, somewhere—and you and I must find it out. Was there nothing else in the tin case when you put your hand into it?"

The question instantly reminded me of the letter in my pocket. I took it out, and opened it. It was a letter of many pages, closely written. I looked impatiently for the signature at the end. "Rosanna Spearman."

As I read the name a sudden remembrance illuminated my mind, and a sudden suspicion rose out of the new light.

"Stop!" I exclaimed. "Rosanna Spearman came to my aunt out of a Reformatory? Rosanna Spearman had once been a thief?"

"There's no denying that, Mr. Franklin. What of it now, if you please?"

"What of it now? How do we know she may not have stolen the Diamond after all? How do we know she may not have smeared my night-gown purposely with the paint—?"

Betteredge laid his hand on my arm, and stopped me before I could say any more.

"You will be cleared of this, Mr. Franklin, beyond all doubt. But I hope you won't be cleared in *that* way. See what the letter says, Sir. In justice to the girl's memory, see what the letter says."

I felt the earnestness with which he spoke—felt it almost as a rebuke to me. "You shall form your own judgment on her letter," I said, "I will read it out."

I began—and read these lines:

"Sir—I have something to own to you. A confession which means much misery may sometimes be made in very few words. This confession can be made in three words. I love you."

The letter dropped from my hand. I looked at Betteredge. "In the name of Heaven," I said, "what does it mean?"

He seemed to shrink from answering the question.

"You and Limping Lucy were alone together this morning, Sir," he said. "Did she say nothing about Rosanna Spearman?"

"She never even mentioned Rosanna Spearman's name."

"Please to go back to the letter, Mr. Franklin. I tell you plainly, I can't find it in my heart to distress you, after what you have had to bear already. Let her speak for herself, Sir. And get on with your grog. For your own sake, get on with your grog."

I resumed the reading of the letter.

"It would be very disgraceful to me to tell you this, if I was a living woman when you read it. I shall be dead and gone, Sir, when you find my letter. It is that which makes me bold. Not even my grave will be left to tell of me. I may own the truth—with the quicksand waiting to hide me when the words are written.

"Besides, you will find your night-gown in my hiding-place, with the smear of the paint on it; and you will want to know how it came to be hidden by me? and why I said nothing to you about it in my lifetime? I have only one reason to give. I did these strange things because I loved you.

"I won't trouble you with much about myself, or my life, before you came to my lady's house. Lady Verinder took me out of a reformatory. I had gone to the reformatory from the prison. I was put in the prison, because I was a thief. I was a thief, because my mother went on the streets when I was quite a little girl. My mother went on the streets, because the gentleman who was my father deserted her. There is no need to tell such a common story as this, at any length. It is told quite often enough in the newspapers.

"Lady Verinder was very kind to me, and Mr. Betteredge was very kind to me. Those two, and the matron at the reformatory are the only good people I have ever met with in all my life. I might have got on in my place—not happily—but I might have got on, if you had not come visiting. I don't blame *you*, Sir. It's my fault—all my fault.

"Do you remember when you came out on us from among the sand-hills, that morning, looking for Mr. Betteredge? You were like a prince in a fairy-story. You were like a lover in a dream. You were the most adorable human creature I had ever seen. Something that felt like the happy life I had never led yet leaped up in me the instant I set eyes on you. Don't laugh at this, if you can help it. Oh, if I could only make you feel how serious it is to *me!*

"I went back to the house, and wrote your name and mine in my work-box, and drew a true lovers' knot under them. Then, some devil—no, I ought to say some good angel—whispered to me, 'Go, and look in the glass.' The glass told me—never mind what. I was too foolish to take the warning. I went on getting fonder and fonder of you, just as if I was a lady in your own rank of life, and the most beautiful creature your eyes ever rested on. I tried—oh dear, how I tried—to get you to look at me. If you had known how I used to cry at night with the misery and the mortification of your never taking any notice of me, you would have pitied me perhaps, and have given me a look now and then to live on.

"It would have been no very kind look, perhaps, if you had known how I hated Miss Rachel. I believe I found out you were in love with her before you knew it yourself. She used to give you roses to wear in your button-hole. Ah, Mr. Franklin, you wore *my* roses oftener than either you or she thought! The only comfort I had at that time was putting my rose secretly in your glass of water in place of hers—and then throwing her rose away.

"If she had been really as pretty as you thought her, I might have borne it better. No; I believe I should have been more spiteful against her still. Suppose you put Miss Rachel into a servant's dress, and took her ornaments off—? I don't know what is the use of my writing in this way. It can't be denied that she had a bad figure; she was too thin. But who can tell what the men like? And young ladies may behave in a manner which would cost a servant her place. It's no business of mine. I can't expect you to read my letter if I write it in this way. But it does stir one up to hear Miss Rachel called pretty, when one knows all the time that it's her dress does it, and her confidence in herself.

"Try not to lose patience with me, Sir. I will get on as fast as I can to the time which is sure to interest you—the time when the Diamond was lost.

"But there is one thing which I have got it on my mind to tell you first.

"My life was not a very hard life to bear, while I was a thief. It was only when they had taught me at the reformatory to feel my own degradation, and to try for better things, that the days grew long and weary. Thoughts of the future forced themselves on me now. I felt the dreadful reproach that honest people—even the kindest of honest people—were to me in themselves. A heart-breaking sensation of loneliness kept with me, go where I might, and do what I might, and see what persons I might. It was my duty, I know, to try and get on with my fellow-servants in my new place. Somehow, I couldn't make friends with them. They looked (or I thought they looked) as if they suspected what I had been. I don't regret, far from it, having been roused to make the effort to be a reformed woman; but, indeed, indeed it was a weary life. You had come across it like a beam of sunshine at first—and then you too failed me. I was mad enough to love you; and I couldn't even attract your notice. There was great misery—there really was great misery in that.

"Now I am coming to what I wanted to tell you. In those days of bitterness I went two or three times, when it was my turn to go out, to my favorite place—the beach above the Shivering Sand. And I said to myself, 'I think it will end here. When I can bear it no longer, I think it will end here.' You will understand, Sir, that the place had laid a kind of spell on me before you came. I had always had a notion that something would happen to me at the quicksand. But I had never looked at it, with the thought of its being the means of my making away with myself, till the time came of which I am now writing. Then I did think that here was a place which would end all my troubles for me in a moment or two—and hide me forever afterward.

"This is all I have to say about myself reckoning from the morning when I first saw you, to the morning when the alarm was raised in the house that the Diamond was lost.

"I was so aggravated by the foolish talk among the women servants, all wondering who was to be suspected first; and I was so angry with you (knowing no better at that time) for the pains you took in hunting for the jewel, and sending for the police, that I kept as much as possible away by myself, until later in the day, when the officer from Frizinghall came to the house.

"Mr. Seegrave began, as you may remember, by setting a guard on the women's bedrooms; and the women all followed him up stairs in a rage, to know what he meant by the insult he had put on them. I went with the rest, because if I had done any thing different from the rest, Mr. Seegrave was the sort of man who would have suspected me directly. We found him in Miss Rachel's room. He told us he wouldn't have a lot of women there; and he pointed to the smear on the painted door, and said some of our petticoats had done the mischief, and sent us all down stairs again.

"After leaving Miss Rachel's room, I stopped a moment on one of the landings, by myself, to see if I had got the paint-stain by any chance on *my* gown. Penelope Betteredge (the only one of the women with whom I was on friendly terms) passed, and noticed what I was about.

"'You needn't trouble yourself, Rosanna,' she said. 'The paint on Miss Rachel's door has been dry for hours. If Mr. Seegrave hadn't set a watch on our bedrooms, I might have told him as much. I don't know what *you* think—*I* was never so insulted before in my life!'

"Penelope was a hot-tempered girl. I quieted her, and brought her back to what she had said about the paint on the door having been dry for hours.

"'How do you know that?' I asked.

"'I was with Miss Rachel and Mr. Franklin all yesterday morning,' Penelope said, 'mixing the colors, while they finished the door. I heard Miss Rachel ask whether the door would be dry that evening, in time for the birthday company to see it. And Mr. Franklin shook his head, and said it wouldn't be dry in less than twelve hours. It was long past luncheon-time—it was three o'clock before they had done. What does your arithmetic say, Rosanna? Mine says the door was dry by three this morning.'

"'Did some of the ladies go up stairs yesterday evening to see it?' I asked. 'I thought I heard Miss Rachel warning them to keep clear of the door.'

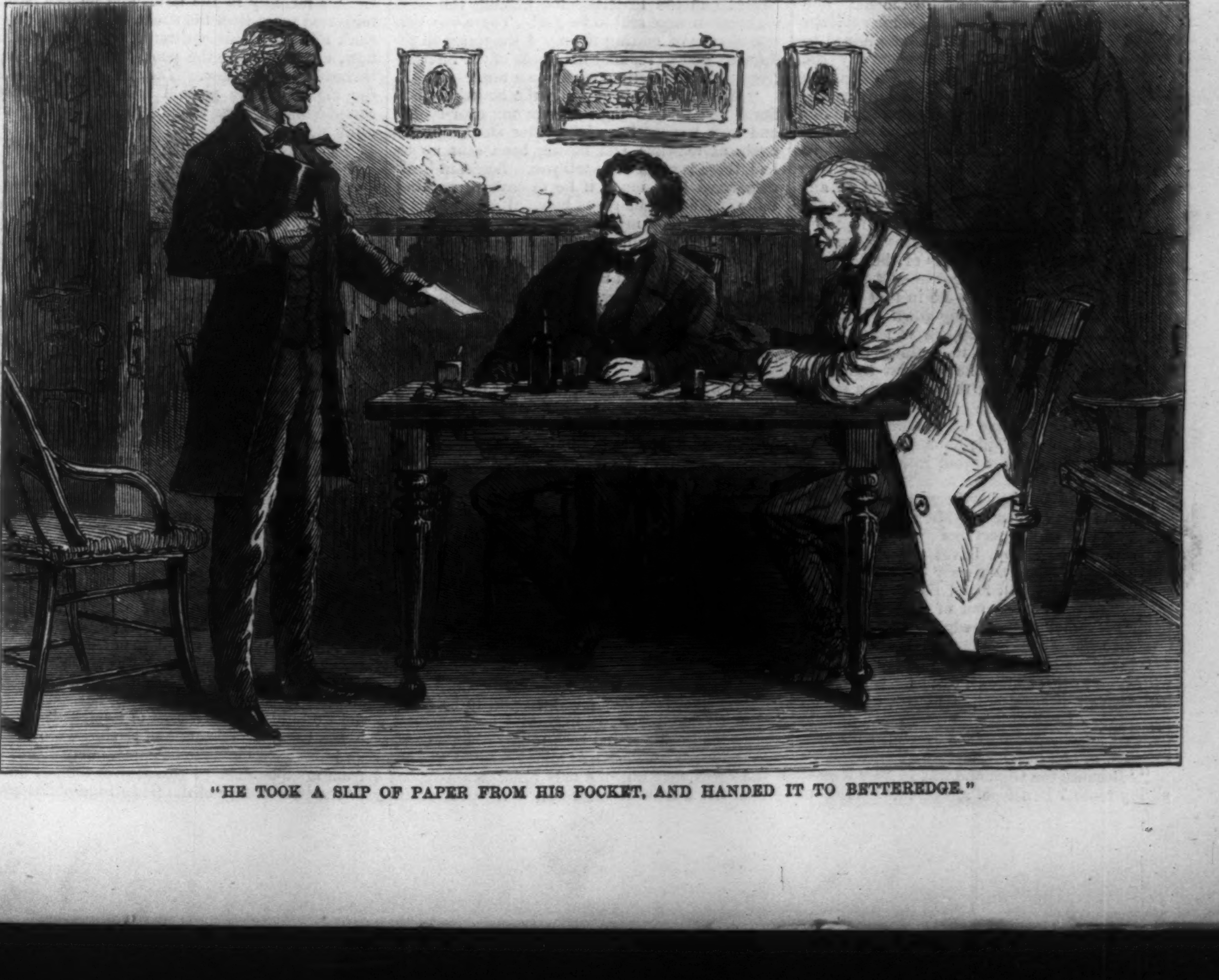
"'None of the ladies made the smear,' Penelope answered. 'I left Miss Rachel in bed at twelve last night. And I noticed the door, and there was nothing wrong with it then.'

"'Oughtn't you to mention this to Mr. Seegrave, Penelope?'

"'I wouldn't say a word to help Mr. Seegrave for any thing that could be offered to me!'

"She went to her work, and I went to mine.

"My work, Sir, was to make your bed, and to put your room tidy. It was the happiest



"HE TOOK A SLIP OF PAPER FROM HIS POCKET, AND HANDED IT TO BETTEREDGE."

hour I had in the whole day. I used to kiss the pillow on which your head had rested all night. No matter who has done it since, you have never had your clothes folded as nicely as I folded them for you. Of all the little nicknacks in your dressing-case, there wasn't one that had so much as a speck on it. You never noticed it, any more than you noticed me. I beg your pardon; I am forgetting myself. I will make haste, and go on again.

"Well, I went in that morning to do my work in your room. There was your night-gown tossed across the bed, just as you had thrown it off. I took it up to fold it—and I saw the stain of the paint from Miss Rachel's door!

"I was so startled by the discovery that I ran out, with the night-gown in my hand, and made for the back stairs, and locked myself into my own room, to look at it in a place where nobody could intrude and interrupt me.

"As soon as I got my breath again I called to mind my talk with Penelope, and I said to myself, 'Here's the proof that he was in Miss Rachel's sitting-room between twelve last night and three this morning!'

"I shall not tell you in plain words what was the first suspicion that crossed my mind when I had made that discovery. You would only be angry—and, if you were angry, you might tear my letter up and read no more of it.

"Let it be enough, if you please, to say only this. After thinking it over to the best of my ability, I made it out that the thing wasn't likely, for a reason that I will tell you. If you had been in Miss Rachel's sitting-room at that time of night, with Miss Rachel's knowledge (and if you had been foolish enough to forget to take care of the wet door) *she* would have reminded you—*she* would never have let you carry away such a witness against her as the witness I was looking at now! At the same time, I own I was not completely certain in my own mind that I had proved my own suspicion to be wrong. You will not have forgotten that I have owned to hating Miss Rachel. Try to think, if you can, that there was a little of that hatred in all this. It ended in my determining to keep the night-gown, and to wait, and watch, and see what use I might make of it. At that time, please to remember, not the ghost of an idea entered my head that *you* had stolen the Diamond."

There, I broke off in the reading of the letter for the second time.

I had read those portions of the miserable woman's confession which related to myself with unaffected surprise, and, I can honestly add, with sincere distress. I had regretted, truly regretted, the aspersion which I had thoughtlessly cast on her memory before I had seen a line of her letter. But when I had advanced as far as the passage which is quoted above I own I felt my mind growing bitterer and bitterer against Rosanna Spearman as I went on. "Read the rest for yourself," I said, handing the letter to Betteredge across the table. "If there is any thing in it that I *must* look at you can tell me as you go on."

"I understand you, Mr. Franklin," he answered. "It's natural, Sir, in *you*. And, God help us all!" he added, in a lower tone, "it's no less natural in *her*."

I proceed to copy the continuation of the letter from the original, in my own possession.

"Having determined to keep the night-gown, and to see what use my love or my revenge (I hardly know which) could turn it to in the future, the next thing to discover was how to keep it without the risk of being found out.

"There was only one way—to make another night-gown exactly like it, before Saturday came and brought the laundry-woman and her inventory to the house.

"I was afraid to put it off till the next day (the Friday); being in doubt lest some accident might happen in the interval. I determined to make the new night-gown on that same day (the Thursday), while I could count, if I played my cards properly, on having my time to myself. The first thing to do (after locking up your night-gown in my drawer) was to go back to your bedroom—not so much to put it to rights (Penelope would have done that for me, if I had asked her) as to find out whether you had smeared off any of the paint-stain from your night-gown on the bed, or on any piece of furniture in the room.

"I examined every thing narrowly, and, at last, I found a few faint streaks of the paint on the inside of your dressing-gown—not the linen dressing-gown you usually wore in that summer season, but a flannel dressing-gown which you had with you also. I suppose you felt chilly after walking to and fro in nothing but your night dress, and put on the warmest thing you could find. At any rate, there were the stains, just visible, on the inside of the dressing-gown. I easily got rid of these by scraping away the stuff of the flannel. This done, the only proof left against you was the proof locked up in my drawer.

"I had just finished your room when I was sent for to be questioned by Mr. Seegrave, along with the rest of the servants. Next came the examination of all our boxes. And then followed the most extraordinary event of the day—to *me*—since I had found the paint on your night-gown. It came out of the second questioning of Penelope Betteredge by Superintendent Seegrave.

"Penelope returned to us quite beside herself with rage at the manner in which Mr. Seegrave had treated her. He had hinted, beyond the possibility of mistaking him, that he suspected her of being the thief. We were all equally astonished at hearing this, and we all asked, Why?

"'Because the Diamond was in Miss Rachel's sitting-room,' Penelope answered. 'And because I was the last person in the sitting-room at night!'

"Almost before the words had left her lips I remembered that another person had been in the sitting-room later than Penelope. That person was yourself. My head whirled round and my thoughts were in dreadful confusion. In the midst of it all, something in my mind whispered to me that the smear on your night-gown might have a meaning entirely different to the meaning which I had given to it up to that time. 'If the last person who was in the room is the person to be suspected,' I thought to myself, 'the thief is not Penelope but Mr. Franklin Blake!'

"In the case of any other gentleman I believe I should have been ashamed of suspecting him of theft almost as soon as the suspicion had passed through my mind.

"But the bare thought that YOU had let yourself down to my level, and that I, in possessing myself of your night-gown, had also possessed myself of the means of shielding you from being discovered, and disgraced for life—I say, Sir, the bare thought of this seemed to open such a chance before me of winning your good-will, that I passed blindfold, as one may say, from suspecting to believing. I made up my mind, on the spot, that you had shown yourself the busiest of any body in fetching the police, as a blind to deceive us all; and that the hand which had taken Miss Rachel's jewel could by no possibility be any other hand than yours.

"The excitement of this new discovery of mine must, I think, have turned my head for a while. I felt such a devouring eagerness to see you—to try you with a word or two about the Diamond, and to *make* you look at me, and speak to me, in that way—that I put my hair tidy, and made myself as nice as I could, and went to you boldly in the library where I knew you were writing.

"You had left one of your rings up stairs, which made as good an excuse for my intrusion as I could have desired. But oh, Sir! if you have ever loved, you will understand how it was that all my courage cooled when I walked into the room and found myself in your presence. And then, you looked up at me so coldly, and you thanked me for finding your ring in such an indifferent manner that my knees trembled under me, and I felt as if I should drop on the floor at your feet. When you had thanked me you looked back, if you remember, at your writing. I was so mortified at being treated in this way that I plucked up spirit enough to speak. I said, 'This is a strange thing about the Diamond, Sir.' And you looked up again, and said, 'Yes, it is!' You spoke civilly (I can't deny that); but still you kept a distance—a cruel distance between us. Believing, as I did, that you had got the lost Diamond hidden about you while you were speaking, your coolness so provoked me that I got bold enough, in the heat of the moment, to give you a hint. I said, 'They will never find the Diamond, Sir, will they? No! nor the person who took it—I'll answer for that.' I nodded, and smiled at you, as much as to say, 'I know!' *This* time you looked up at me with something like interest in your eyes; and I felt that a few more words on your side and mine might bring out the truth. Just at that moment Mr. Betteredge spoiled it all by coming to the door. I knew his footstep, and I also knew that it was against his rules for me to be in the library at that time of day—let alone being there along with you. I had only just time to get out of my own accord before he could come in and tell me to go. I was angry and disappointed, but I was not entirely without hope for all that. The ice, you see, was broken between us—and I thought I would take care, on the next occasion, that Mr. Betteredge was out of the way.

"When I got back to the servants' hall the bell was going for our dinner. Afternoon already! and the materials for making the new night-gown were still to be got! There was but one chance of getting them. I shammed ill at dinner; and so secured the whole of the interval from then till tea-time to my own use.

"What I was about while the household believed me to be lying down in my own room, and how I spent the night, after shamming ill again at tea-time and having been sent up to bed, there is no need to tell you. Sergeant Cuff discovered that much if he discovered nothing more. And I can guess how. I was detected (though I kept my veil down) in the draper's shop at Frizinghall. There was a glass in front of me at the counter where I was buying the long-cloth; and—in that glass—I saw one of the shopmen point to my shoulder and whisper to another. At night again, when I was secretly at work, locked into my room, I heard the breathing of the women servants who suspected me outside my door.

"It didn't matter then; it doesn't matter now. On the Friday morning, hours before Sergeant Cuff entered the house, there was the new night-gown—to make up your number in place of the night-gown that I had got—made, wrung out, dried, ironed, marked, and folded as the laundry-woman folded all the others, safe in your drawer. There was no fear (if the linen in the house was examined) of the newness of the night-gown betraying me. All your underclothing had been renewed when you came to our house—I suppose on your return home from foreign parts.

"The next thing was the arrival of Sergeant Cuff; and the next great surprise was the announcement of what *he* thought about the smear on the door.

"I had believed you to be guilty (as I have owned) more because I wanted you to be guilty than for any other reason. And now, the Sergeant had come round by a totally different way to the same conclusion as mine! And I had got the dress that was the only proof against you! And not a living creature knew it—yourself included! I am afraid to tell you how I felt when I called these things to mind—you would hate my memory forever afterward."

At that place Betteredge looked up from the letter.

"Not a glimmer of light so far, Mr. Franklin," said the old man, taking off his heavy tortoise-shell spectacles, and pushing Rosanna Spearman's confession a little away from him. "Have you come to any conclusion, Sir, in your own mind, while I have been reading?"

"Finish the letter first, Betteredge; there may be something to enlighten us at the end of it. I shall have a word or two to say to you after that."

"Very good, Sir. I'll just rest my eyes, and then I'll go on again. In the mean time, Mr. Franklin—I don't want to hurry you—but would you mind telling me, in one word, whether you see your way out of this dreadful mess yet?"

"I see my way back to London," I said, "to consult Mr. Bruff. If he can't help me—"

"Yes, Sir?"

"And if the Sergeant won't leave his retirement at Dorking—"

"He won't, Mr. Franklin!"

"Then, Betteredge—as far as I can see now—I am at the end of my resources. After Mr. Bruff and the Sergeant, I don't know of a living creature who can be of the slightest use to me."

As the words passed my lips some person outside knocked at the door of the room.

Betteredge looked surprised as well as annoyed by the interruption.

"Come in," he called out irritably, "whoever you are!"

The door opened, and there entered to us, quietly, the most remarkable-looking man I had ever seen. Judging him by his figure and his movements, he was still young. Judging him by his face, and comparing him with Betteredge, he looked the elder of the two. His complexion was of a gipsy darkness; his fleshless cheeks had fallen into deep hollows, over which the bone projected like a pent-house. His nose presented the fine shape and modeling so often found among the ancient people of the East, so seldom visible among the newer races of the West. His forehead rose high and straight from the brow. His marks and wrinkles were innumerable. From this strange face eyes, stranger still, of the softest brown—eyes dreamy and mournful, and deeply sunk in their orbits—looked out at you, and (in my case, at least) took your attention captive at their will. Add to this a quantity of thick closely-curling hair, which, by some freak of Nature, had lost its color in the most startlingly partial and capricious manner. Over the top of his head it was still of the deep black which was its natural color. Round the sides of his head—without the slightest gradation of gray to break the force of the extraordinary contrast—it had turned completely white. The line between the two colors preserved no sort of regularity. At one place, the white hair ran up into the black; at another, the black hair ran down into the white. I looked at the man with a curiosity which, I am ashamed to say, I found it quite impossible to control. His soft brown eyes looked back at me gently; and he met my involuntary rudeness in staring at him, with an apology which I was conscious that I had not deserved.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I had no idea that Mr. Betteredge was engaged." He took a slip of paper from his pocket, and handed it to Betteredge. "The list for next week," he said. His eyes just rested on me again—and he left the room as quietly as he had entered it.

"Who is that?" I asked.

"Mr. Candy's assistant," said Betteredge. "By-the-by, Mr. Franklin, you will be sorry to hear that the little doctor has never recovered that illness he caught, going home from the birthday dinner. He's pretty well in health; but he lost his memory in the fever, and he has never recovered more than the wreck of it since. The work all falls on his assistant. Not much of it now, except among the poor. *They* can't help themselves, you know. *They* must put up with the man with the piebald hair, and the gipsy complexion, or they would get no doctoring at all."

"You don't seem to like him, Betteredge?"

"Nobody likes him, Sir."

"Why is he so unpopular?"

"Well, Mr. Franklin, his appearance is against him, to begin with. And then there's a story that Mr. Candy took him with a very doubtful character. Nobody knows who he is—and he hasn't a friend in the place. How can you expect one to like him after that?"

"Quite impossible, of course! May I ask what he wanted with you when he gave you that bit of paper?"

"Only to bring me the weekly list of the sick people about here, Sir, who stand in need of a little wine. My lady always had a regular distribution of good sound port and sherry among the infirm poor; and Miss Rachel wishes the custom to be kept up. Times have changed; times have changed! I remember when Mr. Candy himself brought the list to my mistress. Now it's Mr. Candy's assistant who brings the list to me. I'll go on with the letter, if you will allow me, Sir," said Betteredge, drawing Rosanna Spearman's confession back to him. "It isn't lively reading, I grant you. But, there! it keeps me from getting sour with thinking of the past." He put on his spectacles, and wagged his head gloomily. "There's a bottom of good sense, Mr. Franklin, in our conduct to our mothers, when they first start us on the journey of life. We are all of us more or less unwilling to be brought into the world. And we are all of us right."

Mr. Candy's assistant had produced too strong an impression on me to be immediately dismissed from my thoughts. I passed over the last unanswerable utterance of the Betteredge philosophy, and returned to the subject of the man with the piebald hair.

"What is his name?" I asked.

"As ugly a name as need be," Betteredge answered, gruffly. "Ezra Jennings."

PEGGY'S WINDOW.

It was insignificant enough in itself, but every thing has value not for what it *has*, but for the use which it makes of what it has; and there was a great deal seen through Peggy's window.

First, one looked straight out upon a plat of grass spotted in with dandelions; and beyond, at the waters of a wide lake, where busy ships came and went; while between the green grass and the blue water ran a broad street, where all day long and far into the night heavy wagons, handsome carriages, and crowded coaches went to and fro; and along the edge of the bluff that looked down on the lake children played, and lovers walked under the lindens in summer evenings.

All this and a great deal more Peggy saw as she sat in her low willow chair by this window, that opened level with the ground; for Peggy's kitchen was in the basement of an ancient-looking house, built up of cobble-stones and mortar; a house that was new when the broad, busy street before it was only a bridle-path. This was the reason of the strip of yard in front and the deep garden behind, bought when land was plenty and low along what had since grown into the principal avenue of a crowded city.

Every day, precisely as the Cathedral clock struck three, Peggy came to her window, with a red mitten in her hand, and a green barége turban on her head. And here she sat until the clock went six, knitting the mitten, and looking through the small, clean panes at the passing world, which was her daily newspaper and her daily gossip; for Peggy never read, and she never spoke excepting when somebody asked her a question—nor then, if a nod or a shake of the head would possibly answer.

The clock was yet on the stroke of three one showery May afternoon when an emigrant ship sailed by "to its haven under the hill," and an hour later the passengers went past the window in scattered groups of quaint, bewildered men and women. Foremost among them and quite by himself was a young Welshman, blue-eyed, curly-haired, and full of resolute life and honest will.

It was not many days before he passed again, and just against Peggy's window a man with a vast deal of presence and manner met him.

"Ah, Apdallas! I was looking for you," he began. "I heard from my brother that you had arrived, and I have the impression you are just the man I want to see."

Then standing, solid and self-assured, with his gold-headed cane and his shining boots, Mr. Snowdoun began to talk—after the manner of men—all around the subject he wished to hit; till circling closer and closer, like a leaf in an eddy, he brought up at last at the object of his conversation. It appeared then that he wished to go into some kind of iron-works, but, with capital and brains, he had no practical knowledge of the business. It appeared also that young Apdallas, who had no capital, had just this desirable knowledge, having worked in iron-mills all his days, and known them thoroughly from beginning to end. Mr. Snowdoun had no need of any lengthy talk to find this out, and he knew perfectly well before he began that the interview would end in a union of Apdallas's experience with his money; yet Peggy had knit into her seam-needle, rolled up her mitten and gone away, long before he had come to the point of taking out his prosperous-looking memorandum-book and writing an agreement for young Apdallas to sign. Therefore only the window looked out upon the closing of the interview, that resulted after some months in several high, conical furnaces down on the lake-shore, whose tops came up above the bank and glared all night long with their burning eyes at Peggy's window.

One evening, a whole year after he first sailed into my story, Apdallas, sitting upon the wooden carriage-steps under the elm-tree in front of the window, took a letter from his pocket; and as he opened it a picture fell to the ground—the face of a young girl, rather bold perhaps, but very sensible and very sweet. The letter that inclosed it was like the face.

"My mother is dead now," it said, "my brother is married and needs me no more, and I write to ask you if there is any place and work for me in America. Your cousin, Charlotte Chisholm, who is a very good friend of mine, tells me you have found it to be a country where there is much to do and where every one may work, making themselves a place and a home. So may I give you the trouble to say if I would risk any thing in going a stranger to a strange land?"

This letter, signed "Ursula Fitzgibbon," was the first incident softer than iron that had fallen into Apdallas's life since he landed in America; he read it with a gentle stirring at his heart, and like April in a lilac bough.

A week later Peggy, through her window, saw him post a letter in the mail-box across the street. It was directed to "Miss Ursula Fitzgibbon, Carrighal, Wales," and was not the last of many that flew on yellow wings from that same letter-box across the sea.

All the while the light from the blast-furnaces shone brighter and brighter, for ore was plenty and iron was dear. So weeks came in and weeks went out, stretching themselves into months and then years, until, on a midsummer evening, just as the furnace-fires had begun to paint Peggy's poor little window a glowing crimson, turning it into something far more gorgeous than the stained altar-window at the Cathedral, another emigrant-ship sailed by, and the red glare was reflected from the window upon the face of a girl who stood upon deck looking off at the city. At the same time Apdallas passed in his best blue suit, going down to the boat-landing; and then by-and-by he came back in a carriage with the brave, honest face of Ursula Fitzgibbon beside him.

Now Peggy's window held itself at such a convenient angle that it looked as many ways as the wind blows, all at once, in any lake country; and among other sights it saw a peaked-roofed brick cottage, tangled over with trumpet-flowers and Michigan roses. And at the door of this house it saw Apdallas and the girl go in. For a little time they were lost to view, but directly somebody lighted the gas in the front parlor, and Peggy, coming to close her shutters just then, saw between the lace curtains of the long, open window Arthur Apdallas and Ursula Fitzgibbon kneeling side by side, while the white-haired rector stood before them with book and gown. And thus it was Ursula Fitzgibbon found her "work and place and home."

After that Mr. and Mrs. Apdallas often walked past together of summer evenings, stopping to sit and talk upon the carriage-steps under Peggy's elm-tree; and all the time the hot-mouthed furnaces, like wise old alchemists, were tirelessly turning iron ore all into gold for the fortunate pockets of their proprietors. Until, almost before they knew it, the firm of Snowdoun & Apdallas was among the wealthiest of that wealthy city.

At last Peggy, at her knitting, began to watch from her window a handsome stone-house going up on the margin of the bank that looked down on the lake. A house with gable and dormer and bay and oval and French windows; with all manner of quaint and fanciful architecture, as though it embodied memories of some strange, foreign land. Yet, withal, with a look of solid magnificence that of a certainty embodied solid wealth.

Finally it was finished and furnished with unbounded splendor, and then, one day, Mr. and Mrs. Apdallas went between the great stone lions that guarded the carved doorway, and took possession of their new home.

Several years have come and gone since then, and as Peggy sits to-night looking through her window she sees in the twilight children at play under the portico of the great house opposite, and behind them, in the stately doorway, she sees Mrs. Ursula Apdallas watching them with motherly gladness, while her husband smiles down upon the handsomest wife in the whole city with satisfied pride and love. And thus for once wealth and worthiness and happiness are joined hand in hand.

A PRESENTATION AT THE VATICAN.

ONE of the weaknesses of Americans abroad is to seek presentation to crowned heads. Our ministers at London, Paris, Vienna, and other Continental capitals are "bored to death"—to use the common expression—with requests for introduction at Court. By European etiquette any person presented to a sovereign must be of sufficient rank to be eligible to an introduction at his own Court. This rule works well enough in the case of subjects of all monarchical governments, whether absolute or limited, as the number of persons entitled to presentation is not large. But when applied to Americans it is very unsatisfactory; every man and woman among us is entitled to visit the White House and shake hands with the President. Probably our Republican Court receives more visitors every month than the sovereigns of England, France, Russia or any other first-class Power in a whole lifetime. We carry our Republicanism with us when we go abroad—quite as much as the Englishman carries his insularity—and one thing that we remember above all others is, that we are eligible to a state presentation at home, and therefore must have the same right abroad.

Woman, lovely woman—especially if of the class of *nouveau riche*—is quite as keen on the scent for royalty as her bearded and bigger half. To enter the penetralia of a palace and gaze upon the features of its presiding genius she will undergo any torture of body, mind, milliner, or bank account. Nay, she will even submit to array herself after a prescribed form, while at home she would laugh to utter refusal all dictation in the matter of dress. Husband, father, or big brother who may be traveling with her is kept in metaphorical hot water until he secures the desired invitation to Court, or is positively refused all admission. When she has been in the presence, and actually received the hundredth part of a smile from the august face, how perfect is her happiness, and with what ineffable contempt and scorn she ever after regards those who were rejected! A presentation at a Royal or Imperial Court is an event to be talked about on all convenient—and many inconvenient—occasions for the rest of her natural life.

Customs differ at the various European Courts, some of them being more easy of access than others. Some admit male civilians in ordinary evening dress, while others require that they shall be arrayed in uniform or in the prescribed costume of the Court. At the Palace of the Tuileries it is both interesting and amusing to witness the movements of some of our aspirants to distinction who are arrayed in uniform for the first time in their lives. Their suits fit them uneasily; they are generally too large or too small; their swords dangle between their legs, and occasionally trip them up; their cocked hats are inconvenient to dispose of, and altogether they appear like organ-grinders' monkeys in new jackets. As the presentation generally consists of standing in a row while His Majesty walks through the apartment, and hears the names of the visitors read, as an overseer calls the roll of his hod-carriers, there is a suspicion in the minds of many, as with the boy who studied the alphabet, that it is hardly worth while to go through so much to accomplish so little.

His Holiness, the Pope, is more easily accessible than most of the kingly and imperial personages of Europe, and especially so to Americans. Every little while there is an opportunity for presentation at the Vatican, and it is not required, as elsewhere, that application shall be made through the embassador of one's country. The leading bankers of Rome can procure invitations, and they generally do it by wholesale. They send lists of whatever names are registered, and I suspect they often procure a few dozens of papers in blank, to be filled up by themselves. The invitation specifies the dress to be worn on the occasion. Gentlemen must be in evening costume, with white cravats, while ladies must wear black dresses and veils, with no bonnets. I believe the costume is varied at times, and of late years it is less rigidly insisted upon than formerly.

Happening in Rome last year during Holy Week I found there was to be a Papal audience, and, on application to my banker, I received a ticket of invitation. At the appointed hour—4 P.M.—I rode to the Vatican, and passed under the colonnade of St. Peter's to the broad stairway that led to the audience-room. The harlequinish-looking soldiers called "the Pope's Own" (which the American Bishops have been requested to replace by a thousand good Americans) were ranged near the entrance at the foot of the stairway, and formed a close line through which no one unprovided with a ticket was allowed to pass. At the head of the stairway were chamberlains of the Pope's household, performing the easy, though necessary, duty of finger-posts to indicate the way. Winding along several passages of that huge building (it is said to contain four thousand rooms) there was a goodly number of visitors about, as one usually finds the crowd at a theatre door five minutes before the performance begins. I was escorting two ladies who hesitated to ride bareheaded from the hotel to the Vatican. Our *valet de place* accompanied us to the foot of the broad stairway, where he took possession of our superfluous garments, and waited until our return.

The last of the line of chamberlains stood at the door of a long and narrow apartment—proportioned more like a rope-walk or bowling-alley than any thing else I think of—where we were to await His Holiness. When I entered there were three or four hundred persons in the room, and before the time of presentation came the number had increased to a thousand. I think at least four-fifths of the assemblage were Americans and English, in the proportion of six to one. A few of the former had managed to evade the regulations and were arrayed in frock-coats, but their number was very small. There was a fair sprinkling of children, every mother being anxious that her darlings should receive the Papal blessing. Many brought rosaries and crosses to be made sacred by the presence of the Holy Father. Some carried them on their necks to the number of a dozen or more; others held them in their hands; and others were so liberally supplied that they brought them in bags or baskets. Near me stood a woman whom I have since met on Broadway. She held on her arm a basket large enough for a bachelor's marketing, and had it stuffed full of rosaries and other treasures of the Catholic heart. Several dealers in these articles had an eye to business, and secured the blessing of a large quantity of their wares. These would be sold at an advance of fifty per cent. over regular prices, and return a handsome profit to the enterprising merchant.

Many young priests, who had come from the interior of Italy to attend the ceremonies of Holy Week were in the assemblage, and wore an air of meek devotion while waiting the coming of the man who represented to them God upon earth. Several of them carried small crucifixes for which they sought the blessing, and would, no doubt, worship in the future with an increased faith.

There was a hum of conversation—chiefly in Anglo-Saxon—during the time we awaited the arrival of the Pope. There were but few seats—only a single bench on each side of the room—so that the great majority were obliged to stand. By-and-by the hum suddenly increased, and then sank almost to silence. All eyes were turned toward a door at one end of the long hall, and as it swung open we saw His Holiness entering. Preceded by two Cardinals—one of them the famous Antonelli—and by several chamberlains, he advanced along the apartment, one side of which had been kept vacant. Ordinarily, there should have been but a single line of visitors, but on this occasion the front was every where from four to a dozen deep, and not arranged in regular order. Nearly every body knelt—a few sturdy anti-Catholic Americans remaining firmly upon their feet, and some compromising with their consciences by dropping on one knee. At first the chamberlains took the ticket of each person and announced the name upon it; but as this delayed matters somewhat, they very soon contented themselves with announcing only those who bore titles of some kind or had more than ordinary distinction. As my name happened to bear a military prefix, and was followed by the magic words, "*Etats Unis*," I received special attention from the chamberlain who took my ticket, and consequently from His Holiness, Pius IX.

The Pope is a finely-preserved old man, and appeared as if good for ten years more of temporal power. His face is pleasing, and when I saw it there was a kindly smile that overspread it, and was well calculated to win admiration. He was dressed in the white costume familiar to all who have studied his picture, or are at all acquainted with the ordinary vestments of the Romish Church. He appeared to have special fondness for children, and bestowed his blessing upon them more liberally than upon adults. One of my lady companions took her little daughter to the presentation, and was greatly delighted at the attention she received.

Somehow the stiff-kneed Americans were frequently in the front rank, greatly to the annoyance of the more reverent ones in the rear. I presume that several were brought down who firmly resolved before going there that they would not kneel on any account. One rigid Puritan told me the next day that he had determined beforehand he would never kneel to the Pope or any other man; but the repeated cries of "*a genoux*," "*a genoux*," and the reluctance to wound the feelings of the Catholics present had been too much for his spirit.

After passing in front of the assemblage the Pope went to a sort of desk or pulpit, about midway of the hall, where he made a prayer and a short address, both in the French language, which he speaks with fluency and correctness. The address was in no way sectarian, but a wholesome, moral lecture fitted to any people professing Christian faith. Then followed his blessing and benediction, to which all bowed in silence, and then filed slowly to the outer air.

"ONLY A HEADACHE."

WHEN a man is a middle-aged man—what in these days is called "quite a young man"—he is in the height of his physical strength, while his mental vigor is still strengthening and increasing—a vigor, in many instances, susceptible of being strengthened and increased to the very last. A man then is, or ought to be, in the full flush of his powers, with added resources of every kind, and acquired skill and mastery over them. The sickness and languor of early years are left behind, and not much thought is given to the physical ills that may be screened by the curtain of the future. Men rarely pause to consider a wonderfully prolonged exemption from the sharper phenomena of suffering. Still, the healthiest life is not ordinarily free from touches of human ills. The middle-aged man, in the full tide of occupation, in the broad stream of his energies and activities, may be exempted from the presence of positive malady, but he is peculiarly liable to headaches.

Full and well-regulated employment is both the duty and the real happiness of a man. Men who can not get the full occupation they want are unhappy, whereas they might well derive consolation from the fact that they already possess that leisure which is often the busy man's chief aim in life, and that they are released from the perils and responsibilities which an over-crowded life presents. The successful man is often pre-eminent for failures. That man is to be pitied who is so very successful in his business that he has no time for literature and art; grudges evening parties; can rarely get a week's shooting, and scarcely ever a month's vacation. There is a time when a busy man's time is exceedingly valuable. The temptation is almost overwhelming to him when he finds that he can coin his minutes into dollars. Then the poor fellow sacrifices the real good of his life for the means of living. A great power of acquiring often disqualifies a man for expending.

The result of the multiplicity of engagements is, often enough, a headache. The headache has its uses in the economy of things. It accomplishes one of the benevolent intentions of pain, in giving a man a hint and forewarning that the delicate machinery of the brain is overtaxed. Sometimes a man works himself into a position, or a position has come upon him, to grapple adequately with which is really beyond his power; and even an active business man who delights in business will be dismayed by the accumulation of his correspondence and the multiplicity of his engagements. The speedy result of the frightful burden of cares borne by many men is anxious and haggard faces. So it is even with successful men, the lawyer or physician in full practice, the author in the full tide of literary success. Then a nervous headache very commonly sets in. A man ought to take this as a hint, not exactly that he should knock off work, but that he should take it more judiciously. A great deal depends upon arrangement. There are persons who, amidst a variety of engagements, begin with the least important and work their way to the most important, resembling the architects of Laputa, who begin with the roof in the air, and work downward to the foundation in the ground. That is a mistake. When you have arranged your business in the order of importance, the great thing is not to attempt too much, but to do things one at a time. Canning was greatly impressed with this notion. We find him writing to a friend: "Pozzo told me a story one day which was new to me, and made a strong impression on me. 'Such a person,' said one of the speakers in the dialogue, 'was a great man; but how did he manage to do so many great things in his life?' 'By doing them,' was the answer, 'one after the other.'" Again, one ought to remember that, within certain limits, a man may be as busy as he likes, but outside those limits he has no business to be busy. A man ought never to allow himself to be so occupied that he becomes dyspeptic; that he can not play with his children and make love to his wife; that he can not thoroughly enjoy a book; that he can not attend to those higher thoughts that keep the life of intellect and spirit sweet and wholesome. However excited Sir Robert Peel might have been with parliamentary strife, he always made a point of reading some religious work for half an hour before he went to bed. Bishop Horne, writing to a friend, said, "The doctors wish me to have an illness, but I desire to leave that matter to God's goodness. I read a page or two of Bozzy every night, and my sleep is sweet after it." But it is so hard to make people renounce the shadow and grasp the substance. A chronic headache would, perhaps, bring them to a better mind.

Our headaches may be turned to some ethical account, first, by taxing our ingenuity how to avoid them; and next, our self-denial, by surrendering the tempting circumstances that induce them. They are a penalty for the exertion that has tired, a safeguard against exertion that will kill. Perhaps it may be arguing on too scanty an induction, but it often seems that the more acute the intellect the greater is the liability to nervous headache. One who is, perhaps, the most brilliant writer of the present day obtains the commiseration of all his friends for his dreadful headaches. We have all heard of Sydney Smith's wit and hilarity, but Sydney Smith was also subject to fits of deep depression, of which the public has heard little or nothing. Perhaps there are cares and anxieties which will morbidly fasten on the brain, and we find it impossible to shake them off. With all our philosophy and management, we may not be able at times to ward off a violent headache; but a word to the wise is sufficient; and if those subject to this evil will study the causes and consequences, and follow the teachings of reason, they may expect, at least, a modification of their headaches.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

VISIBLE NOISE—Plymouth Sound.

THE PERFUMER OF THE WORLD—The centre of the earth.

ON AN UMBRELLA.

I had a new, a cherished silk umbrella,
  Which I with care concealed behind the rack,
Until one night a friend—a thoughtless fellow—
  Desired its use, and never brought it back!
This friend upon my sister had been calling—
  That was all right; but when he rose to go,
And reached the door, behold! a rain was falling:
  So my umbrella went along with beau!

There, snug in bed, unconscious of the sorrow
  In all its bitterness to be revealed
To my unhappy gaze upon the morrow
  (A sorrow time, alas! has never healed)—
There, snug in bed, I lay, and, smiling, hearkened
  To the remorseless patter of the rain:
Why, let it pour, and let the sky be darkened!
  I was prepared, so why should *I* complain?

Ah! that sad morn when, breakfast being over,
  I took my hat, approached the faithful stand,
To draw my dear umbrella from its cover,
  And no umbrella met my eager hand!
'Twas gone. My sister soon explained the reason:
  "You were not out last night, my dear, you know,
And as he was a-coughin' and a-sneezin'
  When he went home, I—lent it to—my beau!"

It went, it staid. I never saw it after,
  Though days, and weeks, and months have passed away.
Nay, gentle reader, check, I pray, your laughter—
  My fate may be your own some rainy day!
I mourn my loss as though it were a brother,
  Or, what perhaps is better, a sweet wife!
One thing is sure—I'll never get another,
  But rather go umbrella-less through life.

RULES FOR BECOMING A MILLIONAIRE.

You must devote your life to the getting and keeping of other men's earnings.

You must eat the bread of carefulness, and you must rise early and lie down late.

You must care little or nothing about other men's wants or sufferings or disappointments.

You must not mind it, that your great wealth involves many others' poverty.

You must not give away money except for a material equivalent.

You must not go meandering about Nature, nor spend your time enjoying air, earth, sky, and water, for there is no money in it.

You must not distract your thoughts from the great purpose of your life with the charms of art and literature.

You must not let philosophy or religion engross you during the secular time.

You must not allow your wife or children to occupy much of your valuable time or thoughts.

You must never permit the fascinations of friendship to inveigle you into making loans, however small.

You must abandon all other ambitions or purposes; and, finally,

You must be prepared to sacrifice ease and all fanciful notion you may have about tastes and luxuries and enjoyments during most, if not all, of your natural life.

A little fellow of some three summers had presented to him three little sugar dolls. As he had already stuffed more than was proper, his mamma had made him promise that he would eat no more. A solemn engagement was entered into to that effect, but in a few moments the mother discovered that one of the dolls was gone. She scolded, and received the following irresistible explanation:

"I was obliged to eat one up. There was the papa, the mamma, and the little boy."

"Well, why should you eat one?"

"The little boy was so disobedient."

A young lady—a sensible girl—gives the following catalogue of different kinds of love: "The sweetest, a mother's love; the longest, a brother's love; the strongest, a woman's love; the dearest, a man's love; and the sweetest, longest, strongest, dearest love, a 'love of a bonnet.'"

SIZE AND SEMBLANCE.—A photographer in one of the country towns in Massachusetts was recently visited by a young woman, who, with sweet simplicity, asked: "How long does it take to get a photograph after you leave your measure?"

RULES FOR PUNCTUATION.

By an Ancient Printer.

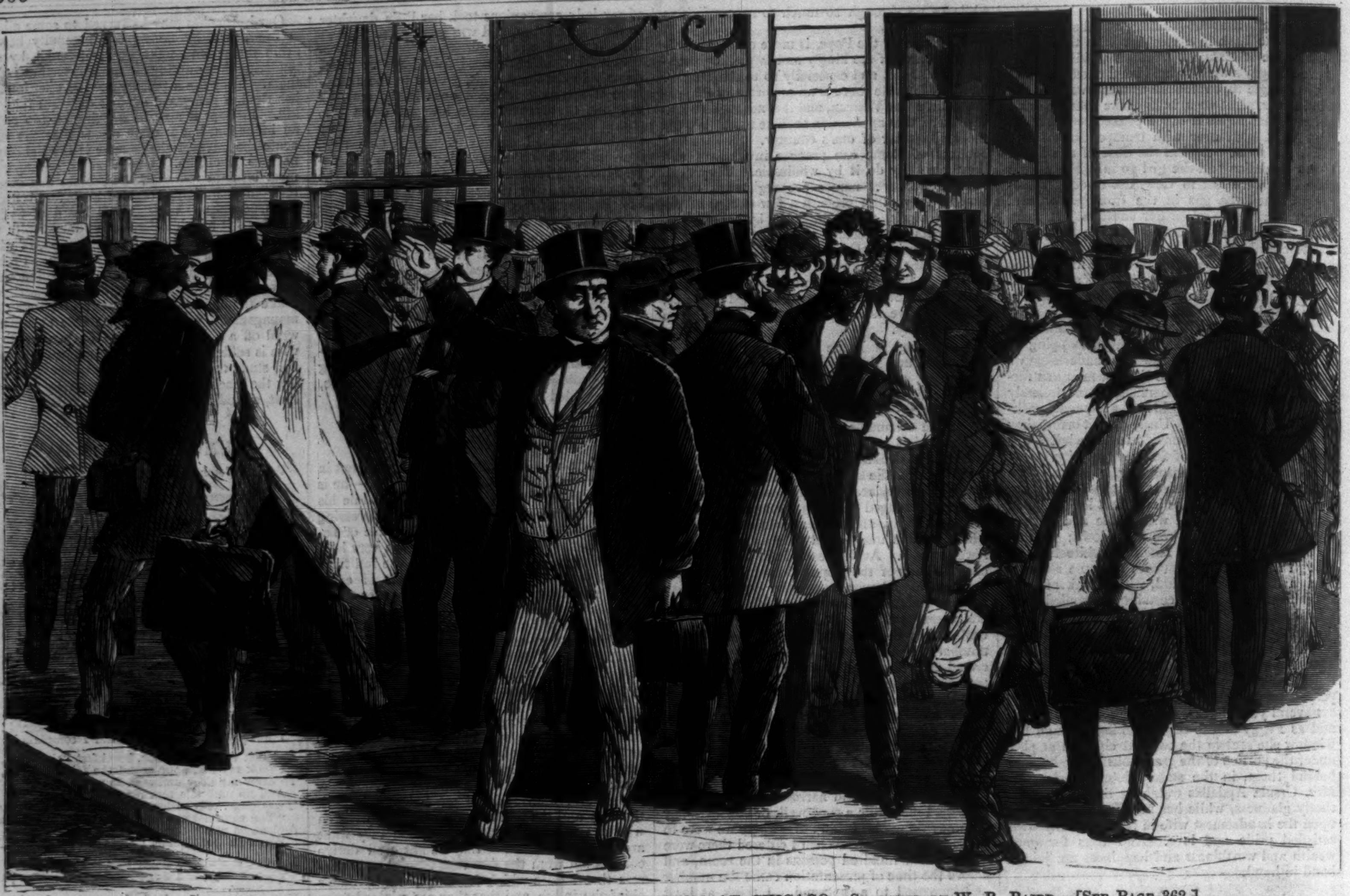
"I set up as long as I can hold my breath, then put in a comma; when I gape I insert a semicolon; when I sneeze a colon; and when I want to take another chew of tobacco I insert a period." We can not withhold these rules, so admirable in their simplicity, from the public.

They sat upon the front-door mat,
  Where softly shone the moon,
And listened to the music that
  Came from a beer saloon.

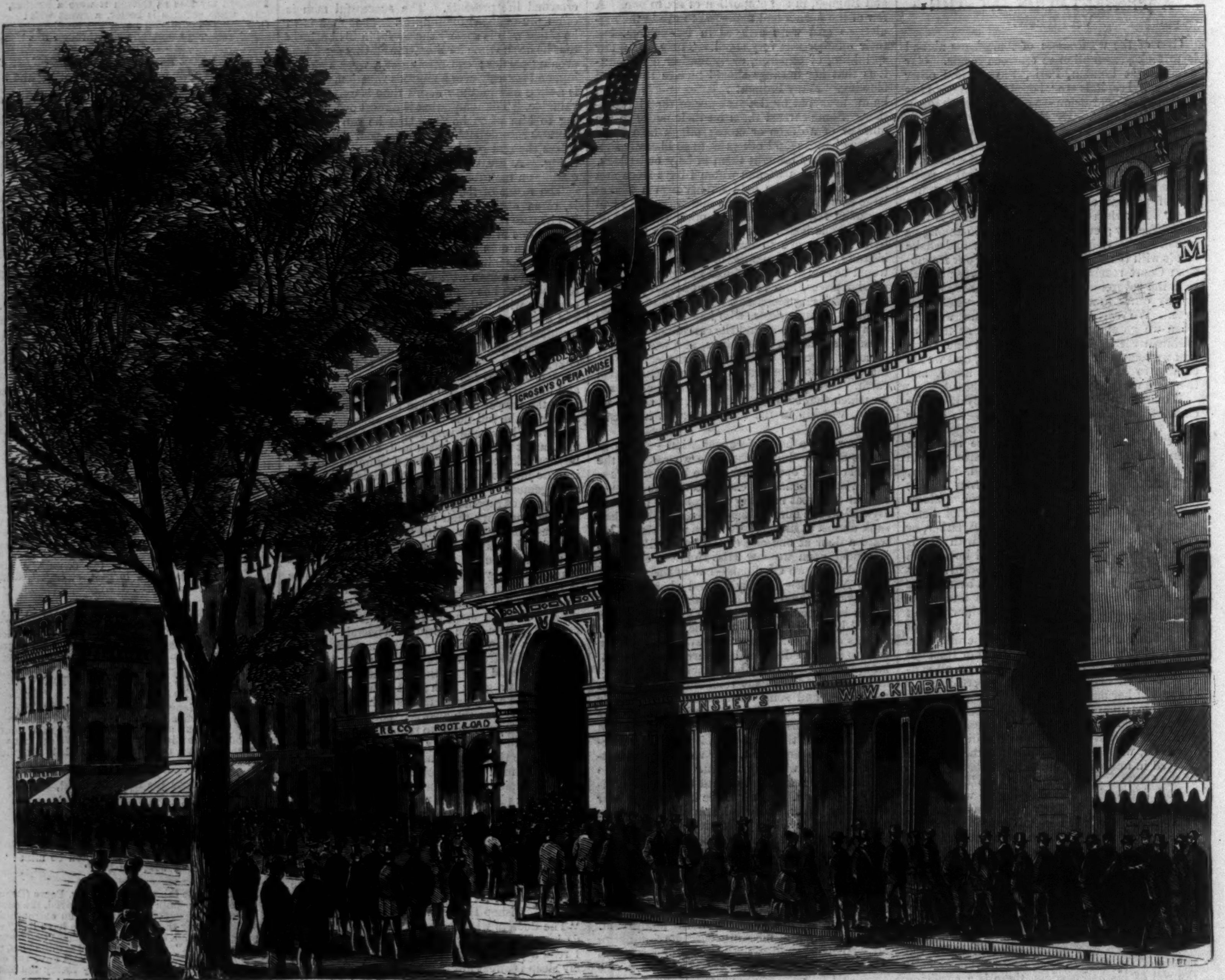
His manly arm did round her twine,
  Their lips in kisses met;
And when he asked "Wilt thou be mine?"
  She said "I will, you bet!"

One day at the table of the late Mr. Pease (Dean of Ely), just as the cloth was being removed, the subject of discourse happened to be that of an extraordinary mortality among the lawyers. "We have lost," said a gentleman, "not less than six eminent barristers in as many months." The dean, who was quite deaf, rose as his friend finished his remarks, and gave the company grace: "For this and every mercy the Lord's holy name be praised."

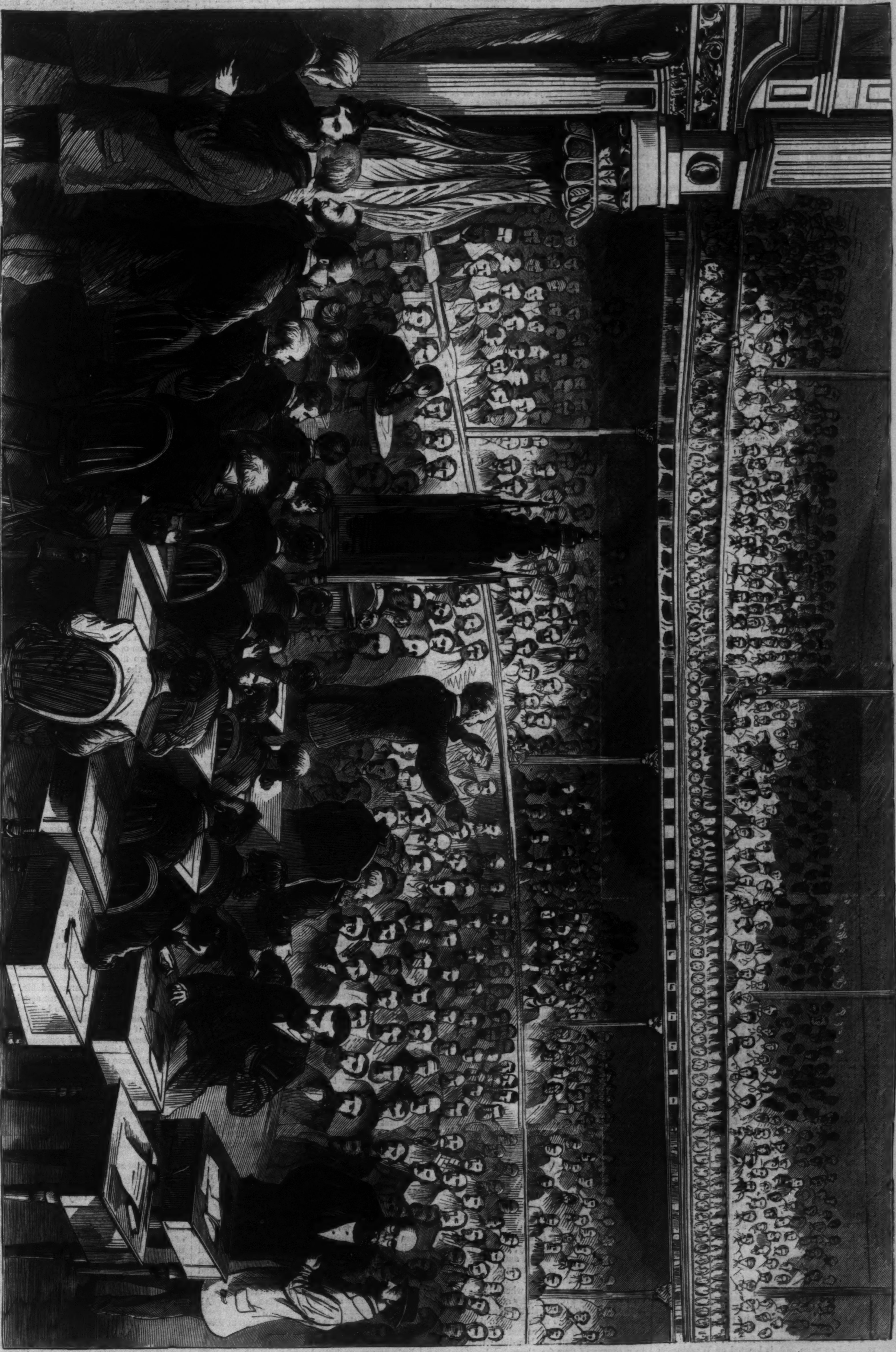
It is asserted that a man with glass eyes can't real eyes (realize) any thing.



ARRIVAL OF DELEGATES TO THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION AT CHICAGO.—Sketched by W. B. Baird.—[See Page 362.]


CROSBY'S OPERA HOUSE
KINSLEY'S
W.W. KIMBALL
ROOT & CADY

EXTERIOR OF CROSBY'S OPERA-HOUSE, CHICAGO.—[See Page 362.]



THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION IN SESSION.—VIEW FROM THE STAGE.—[See Page 362.]

THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

The six hundred and fifty delegates to the National Convention of the Republican party met at Chicago on May 20, and after adopting a brief but clear and explicit platform nominated General Ulysses S. Grant and Hon. Schuyler Colfax as its candidates for President and Vice-President. There was no opposition to General Grant, and on the fourth ballot for Vice-President the choice for Mr. Colfax was nearly unanimous.

THE PLATFORM.

The following is the platform as adopted:

"The National Republican Party of the United States, assembled in National Convention in the city of Chicago, on the 20th day of May, 1868, make the following declaration of principles:

"1. We congratulate the country on the assured success of the reconstruction policy of Congress, as evinced by the adoption, in the majority of the States lately in rebellion, of Constitutions securing equal civil and political rights to all; and it is the duty of the Government to sustain those Constitutions and to prevent the people of such States from being remitted to a state of anarchy.

"2. The guarantee by Congress of equal suffrage to all loyal men at the South was demanded by every consideration of public safety, of gratitude, and of justice, and must be maintained, while the question of suffrage in all the loyal States properly belongs to the people of those States.

"3. We denounce all forms of repudiation as a national crime, and the national honor requires the payment of the public indebtedness in the utmost good faith to all creditors at home and abroad, not only according to the letter but the spirit of the laws under which it was contracted.

"4. It is due to the labor of the nation that taxation should be equalized and reduced as rapidly as the national faith will permit.

"5. The national debt, contracted, as it has been, for the preservation of the Union for all time to come, should be extended over a fair period for redemption; and it is the duty of Congress to reduce the rate of interest thereon whenever it can be honestly done.

"6. That the best policy to diminish our burden of debt is to so improve our credit that capitalists will seek to loan us money at lower rates of interest than we now pay, and must continue to pay, so long as repudiation, partial or total, open or covert, is threatened or suspected.

"7. The Government of the United States should be administered with the strictest economy, and the corruptions which have been so shamefully nursed and fostered by Andrew Johnson call loudly for radical reform.

"8. We professedly deplore the untimely and tragic death of Abraham Lincoln, and regret the accession of Andrew Johnson to the Presidency, who has acted treacherously to the people who elected him, and the cause he was pledged to support—who has usurped high legislative and judicial functions—who has refused to execute the laws—who has used his high office to induce other officers to ignore and violate the laws—who has employed his executive powers to render insecure the property, the peace, liberty, and life of the citizen—who has abused the pardoning power—who has denounced the National Legislature as unconstitutional—persistently and corruptly resisted, by every measure in his power, every proper attempt at the reconstruction of the States lately in rebellion—who has perverted the public patronage into an engine of wholesale corruption, and who has been justly impeached for high crimes and misdemeanors, and properly pronounced guilty thereof by the vote of thirty-five Senators.

"9. The doctrine of Great Britain and other European Powers, that because a man is once a subject he is always so, must be resisted at every hazard by the United States as a relic of the feudal times, not authorized by the law of nations, and at war with our national honor and independence. Naturalized citizens are entitled to be protected in all their rights of citizenship as though they were native born; and no citizen of the United States, native or naturalized, must be liable to arrest and imprisonment by any foreign Power for acts done or words spoken in this country; and if so arrested and imprisoned it is the duty of the Government to interfere in his behalf.

"10. Of all who were faithful in the trials of the late war there were none entitled to more especial honor than the brave soldiers and seamen who endured the hardships of campaign and cruise, and imperiled their lives in the service of the country. The bounties and pensions provided by the laws for these brave defenders of the nation are obligations never to be forgotten. The widows and orphans of the gallant dead are the wards of the people, a sacred legacy bequeathed to the nation's protecting care.

"11. Foreign emigration, which in the past has added so much to the wealth, development and resources, and increase of power to this nation, the asylum of the oppressed of all nations, should be fostered and encouraged by a liberal and just policy.

"12. This Convention declares itself in sympathy with all the oppressed people which are struggling for their rights."

The following resolutions were also adopted unanimously, and are added to the declaration of principles:

"*Resolved*, That we highly commend the spirit of magnanimity and forgiveness with which the men who have served in the rebellion, but now frankly and honestly co-operate with us in restoring the peace of the country and reconstructing the Southern State Governments upon the basis of impartial justice and equal rights, are received back into the communion of the loyal people. And we favor the removal of the disqualifications and restrictions placed upon the late rebels in the same measure as the spirit of loyalty will direct, and as may be consistent with the safety of the loyal people.

"*Resolved*, That we recognize the great principles laid down in the immortal Declaration of Independence as the true foundation of Democratic government; and we hail with gladness every effort toward making these principles a living reality on every inch of American soil."

ARRIVAL OF DELEGATES.

The Convention was called for May 20; but for several days before that time delegates and others interested in the proceedings began to arrive in the city. It was estimated that 25,000 persons were in attendance on the Convention, although the Opera-house, which had been selected for the use of the Convention, would hold only about 2500 spectators in addition to the delegates. The various hotels were crowded to suffocation, although they had run up their charges to $20 per day in anticipation of the crush. Our engraving on page 360, of one of the principal dépôts of the city emptying itself of delegates and spectators, will give the reader an idea of the nature of the rush.

THE OPERA-HOUSE.

Crosby's Opera-house, in which the Convention was held, is the finest public building in the West, and only excelled for its peculiar purposes by Pike's Opera-house in this city.

The main building, the front of which is represented on page 360, is located on Washington Street, between State and Dearborn streets. The view is taken from State Street, looking west. The building has a front on Washington Street of one hundred and forty feet; is four stories high, with a Mansard roof, and the architecture is Italian. It is built of marble quarried within forty miles of Chicago. The front of the building combines simplicity with massiveness, and the ornamental designs are sufficiently elaborate, and yet do not, as is too often the case, spoil the general effect. In the centre is a projection which is twenty-three feet wide, through which is an arched entrance to the building. Upon the parapet above this entrance are placed four statues, representing respectively Painting, Sculpture, Music, and Commerce. Higher in this same central projection are two large figures representing Music and the Drama. These are placed one on each side of an elaborate dormer window.

PRESIDENT OF THE CONVENTION.

The Convention was regularly organized on May 20 by the selection of General Joseph R. Hawley, ex-Governor of Connecticut, as permanent President. We give a good portrait of him on page 364. General Hawley entered the volunteer army in 1861 and fought through the war, receiving, as a reward for his personal gallantry and devotion to the cause, the rank of Brigadier-General. On his return to Connecticut he was put in nomination by the Republican party for the Governorship, and elected to that office by a large majority.

THE CONVENTION IN SESSION.

Our large engraving on page 361 represents the Convention in session for the transaction of business. General Hawley is represented on the stand addressing the assembled delegates and spectators. Many thousands of persons were prevented from entering the house, while the 2500 or 3000 who did get in were packed so closely that standing room could not be found.

On the nomination of General Grant by General John A. Logan, the wildest enthusiasm prevailed; but when, after the roll of States had been called, the President announced that General Grant had been nominated without opposition and without a dissenting vote, the vast audience rose to their feet, and cheer upon cheer was given for the nominee. The men, in their excitement, threw up their hats, yelled, and cheered; the women waved their handkerchiefs, and the band sent forth the sweet strains of a patriotic air.

During this excitement a scene was shifted at the rear of the stage representing General Grant stationed on one of the pedestals of the front of the White House, on which was inscribed, "Republican nominee of the Chicago Convention, May 20, 1868." The other vacant pedestal was inscribed, "Democratic nominee, New York Convention, July 4, 1868." The Goddess of Liberty stood between the two with one hand pointing to Grant, and the other to the vacant pedestal, and above all were the words, "*Match him.*" In the height of the excitement a dove, painted in red, white, and blue, was let loose, and it flew forth and back from the stage over the heads of the assemblage.

RECEPTION OF THE NEWS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

From all parts of the Union come indications of the popularity of the ticket in the enthusiasm of the people for the nominees. In various cities of the country the announcement of the nomination was greeted with the firing of guns, while throughout the country the news was circulated not less thoroughly if with somewhat less rapidity. One of our artists sends us a sketch of the reception of the news in the country, which we give on page 364.

WHERE IS IT?

It was an imprudent marriage! Every body said so! Nobody could have dreamed of such a thing! "What Ruth saw in John, a penniless clerk," her friends did not know. "What John saw in Ruth, a girl with no money to help out his eight hundred a year," his friends would not pretend to say. How they were to live nobody knew. Society washed its hands of them. They had married for no better reason than that they loved, and as they had sown so must they reap.

Still, they were a pleasant couple to see. He was so kindly, she was such a little bud of a woman, and both believed so thoroughly in the baby, though it was an imprudent baby. Not that it had done any thing very decided. How could it, poor dear, when it had not yet discovered whether its little fat hands were its own or let down to it on a string? but all babies not born under the shadow of their own roofs are Pariahs and Nuisances. They are advertised against in the newspapers by the severe people who only receive adults. They are argued out of the right to their own existence by the political economist, and proved to be Wrongs, and Evils, and Disgraces, and Heaven knows what other dreadful things, in large capitals. This, in a general way, while, in an individual way, you must remember the people, who had your good at heart, and who came and wagged their heads in solemn disapprobation over your babies' unconscious cradles; and it is only another proof of Ruth and John's inability to reason that they, as I said, believed in their baby, and fondled and cuddled it, and fed it, and talked to it, and exhausted themselves to amuse it, thought it was the best baby ever seen in a steam-car, where babies usually turn vicious, lest it should cry and let itself down to the level of other people's babies.

John and his wife were going to the inaccessible wilds of New Jersey to find a home, as people who were disgusted with boarding: that is, living in a square of four feet, bounded by a bed and washing-stand, and eating they were afraid to think what, disguised as hash and stews. And they assert that they procured tickets and seats in the cars of a certain well-known Jersey road. But this is impossible, as the story of their subsequent adventures will prove.

First, as I have said, they addressed themselves to Baby; but, even while engaged in this arduous task, it occurred to them both that "something or other" was wanting. When Baby fell asleep they discovered that the missing "something" was the usual bumpety bump! with which our railway-coaches bounce over the rails. The train shot forward, smoothly, like a ray. The missing, "or other," was the dust. The air circulated in the cars through water. Nobody panted or gasped, and nobody became the under stratum of an upper crust of cinders and ashes. This was scarcely traveling, and Ruth and John, who seldom get a holiday, felt vaguely disappointed, as if cheated out of some of their traveling perquisites.

Furthermore, the train on which John and Ruth say that they started is down on the time-tables as a way-train. This train made no stop till it reached its terminus, which is a town called Juneroseville; and how John and Ruth can still persist that they traveled on the well-known railway, when there is no such station on the time-tables of the W. K. R. R., I am at a loss to understand. However, as the train stopped there, though the name was new to them, our young people did not see how they could avoid getting out. So they got out! with the Baby, the lunch-basket, the traveling-bag, the time-table, the umbrellas, and Ruth's cloak.

Ruth carried the Baby, awake and hungry. John carried the other incumbrances; and, of course, they looked about eagerly for the little den usually known as the railway station, but no little den met their view. In the place where it should stand somebody had erected a cottage of one story, surrounded by a wide piazza. About this cottage was a garden with well-kept walks and such fine flowers in its windows that Ruth and John felt positively aggravated. What right had any man to parade his home comforts and coziness under the very eyes of tired, hungry, and vagabondish travelers?

"Nice place!" growled John. "Sun broiling, and not even a platform on which to lay down your bundles."

"Yes," piped Ruth, "but what is that over the door this way? It looks like 'Ladies' Room.' John, I believe that this is the station."

"Nonsense!" answered John; but Ruth was right. It was the station. Oh, what a delightful discovery for people who had a Baby, and a traveling-bag, and a lunch-basket, and cloaks, and umbrellas, and the time-table!

Before going further I will say here that I do not expect what I am about to tell will be believed. I do not believe it myself. I have never seen it, and nothing less than the testimony of my own senses would convince me on such a point. I only repeat what was told to me, and at the express desire of my young friends, Ruth and John.

They say that this one-story cottage proved to be actually a railway station, as I have already declared, and that on the ladies' side it was divided into two apartments. The outer was cool, scrupulously clean, and furnished with an abundance of comfortable chairs, and ice-water, and that its windows were filled with fine plants. The inner apartment was a dressing-room. It had sofas, easy-chairs, a large mirror, and plenty of water, soap, and towels. Out of this opened a third door, over which was written "For Children and Babies." It was carpeted, and contained a bath, several rocking-chairs, a cradle, and two or three little berths ranged one above the other.

The coolness, the cleanliness of all this, and the scent of roses rose up to meet our tired people like a welcome. They looked about them, first in bewilderment. Then Ruth, still half afraid that this after all might prove somebody's house, slipped into the dressing-room, and was much surprised to find that water actually ran out of the pipes into the deep, clean, marble basins, because at most stations the pipes are superior to any such weakness. But when she saw the cradles, and the bath, and the cool, carpeted, flower-scented room, for the bathing, feeding, and hushing of hot, hungry, maddened babies, and tired, candy-smeared, woeful children, she uttered a scream that brought John to her side in an instant; for to tell the truth, he had his suspicions of all this cleanliness and flower-show.

"What is it?" cried John, and then stood staring; he finally delivered himself as follows:

"Well, Ruth, I know of one railway-station at least where the Company seems to suspect that their travelers may be Christians, and provides them with towels and water. But this is the first institution of any kind where I ever saw a Baby's existence recognized as a fact. Every where else you feel as if a Baby was something that the law does not allow, and you must smuggle it along as well as you can, and take your chances. This Juneroseville must be an uncommon place, a wonderful place, Ruth! I was wondering what I could do with you and Baby! But you can stay here and make Baby comfortable, and I will find a place where we can dine."

Ruth took off her bonnet and Baby's cap, and sank into a comfortable arm-chair. Baby soon fell asleep, and placing him in the cradle she fell asleep on a sofa. When John came back both the little woman and her Baby had a nap, and were fresh, washed, and brushed, and in high spirits. John was in high spirits also.

"Never saw such a pretty place, Ruth. All the houses are fine, and there are gardens every where; and there is a Ladies' Restaurant across the street, where we can dine."

Ruth quaked at the word dine. They had so little money, and she began to say that she did not need a dinner; but John, who understood her perfectly, interrupted her with the bill of fare.

"Coffee for two, six cents; rolls for two, four cents; steak (porter-house), eighteen cents; lettuce, two cents; peas, four cents; strawberries, six cents.

"Either we are about to eat the worst dinner that we have ever seen," said Ruth, handing back the bill, "or these people are crazy."

"My opinion," returned John, picking up the Baby. "But we can go and see."

Ruth followed, sniffing with secret scorn; she knew the ways of the world, and what to expect from such a programme.

Judge, then, of her surprise. The steak was tender, the rolls and butter delicious. The fruit and vegetables fresh, and the coffee as good as Ruth herself could make. Perplexity grew on our young friends. Were the Juneroseville-ites mad as their station and restaurant seemed to proclaim? They were discussing the probabilities, in a low voice, when John saw a familiar face—Jem M'Mahon's.

To see M'Mahon was quite as surprising as the dinner. Five years ago he had contracted an imprudent marriage; married a very good and accomplished girl, who was only a teacher, and sunk entirely out of society. Some said that he was living in South America, and more that he was dead. Yet here he was in Juneroseville, unchanged, except that he was stouter and jollier than of old, and had the air of a thriving man upon him. And he knew John in an instant; and having been introduced to "my wife," and after scanning her fresh face and trim figure a little he said:

"I beg pardon, John, but are you not another imprudent couple?"

Ruth reddened, and John laughed.

"Why, yes," he said, slowly. "I suppose that we are; or, at least, our friends think so."

"Then you are in the right place, returned M'Mahon, with great animation. "Pray come home with me. Mrs. M'Mahon will be charmed to see you."

"What will come next?" thought Ruth, bundling up herself and the baby.

A carriage was waiting without.

"So you keep your carriage," observed John, not without something like envy.

M'Mahon smiled.

"*We* keep our carriage, my dear fellow. Several of them, in fact. I will explain by-and-by. Here is my house."

It was one of the massive, handsome structures of which Juneroseville seemed to be composed. John looked at it with a sort of gaping, open-mouthed wonder. For how could M'Mahon have laid up so much wealth in the five years in which he had been lost to society?

M'Mahon opened the door, and they followed him up two flights of stairs. The flights were long, but the stairs were wide and easy, with many landings. Ruth observed that they were of marble, and beautifully kept, and wondered the more.

M'Mahon opened a door and led them into a handsome drawing-room, saying,

"This is our floor."

"Your floor! there are other families?"

"Yes, certainly."

Ruth's veneration for M'Mahon sank at once. He was living in a tenement-house after all. She looked about the drawing-room. It was furnished in fine taste. It had pictures and busts that she had desired all her life. The remaining rooms, Ruth saw, were a sort of sewing-room and library united, and bedrooms with deep closets.

"But where is your kitchen?" asked Ruth.

"We have none," answered her host.

"But how can you wash and bake?"

"We do neither."

Ruth looked soberly, first at Mr. M'Mahon and then at her husband. She thought that he was playing off some impertinent jest. M'Mahon understood the look, and brought forward chairs.

"Pray sit down," he said, earnestly, "and let me explain what must seem to you like inventions."

"I should think so," murmured Ruth; but she sat down.

"I said to you," commenced Mr. M'Mahon, "that, as you are an imprudent couple, you were in the right place. I said so because this entire town is built and sustained by imprudent couples, of which, if you please, I will sketch the history.

"A certain number of years ago several imprudent, that is, love matches, happened at one time. All these persons were friends. They attempted to settle themselves, and found, as no doubt you have done, what a small place is reserved in this large world for people, who like them are poor, and yet are burdened with the habits and prejudices of refinement and education. They tried the usual resource, a boarding-house, till disgusted, and quite agreed that this method of life destroyed the stomach and the morals."

He looked at Ruth, who looked at John, rather doubtful where all this was leading.

"It was then," continued M'Mahon, with evident relish, "that they said we are young, strong, and intelligent. It is impossible that there should be no way for us out of poverty and boarding-houses. This speech was the beginning of many anxious debates and discussions, and these discussions ended here; though at that time, as you may suppose, there was nothing of what you see now about you; only a farm, and a rambling old farm-house, of which our couples took possession. A share in it was appointed each family, and as disputes and difficulties must arise, a committee was appointed to settle them. The rent divided among so many was, of course, a mere song. They raised their own vegetables, and sent a portion of them to market, where they sold them at a price not far above the cost. The wages of house-servants, and farm-laborers were divided among them like the rent; also the small profits. A short experience in buying and selling decided them to establish a market and grocery for themselves. They bought at wholesale, and sold to outsiders at a small advance. Each family lived thus at one-third of the usual cost, and derived a small profit from the steadily increasing business. From this small beginning sprang all this flourishing town."

"Indeed," remarked John, seeing that he was expected to say something.

"Hundreds of 'imprudent couples' have joined us, at one time and another," continued M'Mahon, enthusiastically. "The old farm-house vanished long ago, before the first of such buildings as this. By uniting our salaries and our profits we have surrounded ourselves with elegances as well as luxuries. We have our common restaurant, that at which you dined. We order from there whatever dinners are on the card for that day, and get them at cost price, while we are actually making money on it, for all our institutions are sure to attract custom, because of the honesty which is our policy, and the small profits. In the same way we have several laundries in operation. That dread and terror of housewives, washing-day, and dinners are spared our wives, who retain their youth and health. We have also various stores established, which I think solve the problem of getting the best living at the cheapest rate."

"All very fine!" answered John, skeptically; "only it sounds a little too much like a fairy-tale, just at the end, where all the good get rewarded, you know."

"There is reason in it any way," said M'Mahon, determinedly. "See here. I want to send my girl to school, where she can receive the education of a lady; but I can not pay thirty dollars, or forty or more, a quarter. But there are three hundred of us who do or will want such schooling. Say each of us contributes ten dollars a quarter. That is three thousand dollars a quarter to run a school. Say we contribute only five dollars. That is fifteen hundred dollars a quarter.

"Or again, I like to read rare and expensive books. I am unable to buy them. But we all want to read, and we put what we can spare together, and we get a library—the finest one in the United States; and a museum, the only one worth the name. Why should not the story read better when you set about life in the right way. Take your own case. What have you got against you? Your prejudices. You would not be what you are without them; but it will cost you more to shelter, clothe, and feed them than yourself. Next your poverty. You have exactly enough to live on, so long as you never have a day's ill health or slacken in your economy. In such a position you can never get ahead. You can only keep even. Some slight mischance happens, and you fall behind, and you can not get up again, for you have nothing out of which to draw the extra strength. All the chances are against you, pulling your cart up hill. All the chances are for us, pulling our cart up hill. We divide the strain. If one trips we pull him up. We are sure of reaching the top, and shall make some money besides by drawing some load up in it. Do you see?"

"Why, yes; that sounds reasonable," returned John; "but how did you come here?"

"By accident, as you have done; but I was so well pleased with what I saw that I have never gone back. You will like the people. They are human, like the rest of the world; but they are restrained and controlled by the fact that each man is a property-owner, and has a share in every public institution."

"Yes, that sounds reasonable also," replied John, evidently meditating. "At least it would do no harm to try. We have nothing to lose. But we must go back to-night."

"Better decide at once to stay," urged M'Mahon. "Why not? You have your wife and child here."

"Oh! but our clothes and things," cried Ruth, horror-stricken.

M'Mahon eyed her pityingly, and rose.

"You had better stay; but, if you must go, there is the whistle. You can just catch the train."

"Thank you," said John. "I won't say good-by. I shall see you to-morrow."

"Good-by," said M'Mahon, meaningly. "You should have staid."

And perhaps they should, for they have never found Juneroseville since. It is not on any of the railway routes, or in the maps, or the guide-books. Nobody ever heard of it, and nobody believes in it. Still John has not lost hope, but desires me to ask the public for the whereabouts of Juneroseville, and adds that all information will be thankfully received by John and Ruth.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The sufferings of the Cretan refugees have awakened the deepest sympathy throughout Christendom, and some substantial relief has been sent to the thousands who were perishing. We scarcely realize the fact that more than forty thousand women, children, and feeble old men have been taken from Crete by European vessels and landed upon neighboring islands, or upon the shores of Continental Greece, to protect them from the atrocities of the barbarous Turks. They fled famishing, penniless, and half clad, and are dependent upon the charities of the world, for the Greeks are too poor to take care of such a multitude.

The island of Crete, called Candia by the moderns, is the largest and most beautiful of the Grecian Archipelago. It is about one hundred and sixty miles long by nearly thirty broad. A range of lofty and rugged mountains runs through the centre, from east to west. These send out spurs northward and southward, which extend nearly to the shore, thus breaking up the land into picturesque variety. The mountains and hills, being calcareous, abound in caves and grottoes, some of which are large and beautiful, but very intricate. Its climate is so mild, its skies so soft, its waters so sweet, its soil so rich, its productions so abundant, and all its natural conditions so favorable to human life and enjoyment that the ancients called it "The Island of the Blessed." Between the mountain-spurs, and along the shores, are plains and broken country of marvelous fertility. Oranges, lemons, figs, and other luscious fruits grow plenteously on the plains; the vine clambers the hills and the mountain-sides; and olive orchards spread over the whole island. Aromatic plants abound, and in the groves are many beautiful birds of song. The Turkish invaders of this beautiful land have inflicted insult, humiliation, and barbarous violence upon the inhabitants—particularly upon women and children. And when the insurrection broke out in August, 1866, the Cretans hurried as many of the helpless as was possible away from their brutal oppressors, so that, for the most part, only fighting men might remain to carry on the dreadful struggle for independence. A few heroic women refuse to leave their husbands, and defend, with them, the interior of the island.

The contributions to the Cretans have been productive of immediate good. Food and clothing have been distributed, not only among the exiles, but even in the mountains of Crete: and at this moment thousands of mothers and children are kept from cold and nakedness by garments made by the hands of American women. And many despairing hearts have been gladdened and strengthened by such substantial evidence of genuine sympathy. Schools have also been established among the refugees, sewing and knitting supplied to many of the women, and efficient arrangements have been made to diminish the evils of their peculiar condition. This rebellion against Mohammedan barbarism is regarded as having an important bearing upon Christian civilization; and thus the plea of the suffering has a double claim on the Christian public.

A singular fish is found in great numbers in the coast rivers of Alaska. It is about eight inches long, transparent, and the most fat of all the finny tribes. This fat, however, has not the oily, rancid taste of other fish, but is like fresh lard. When these fish are dried, the Indians often turn them to a novel and practical account—burn them in the place of candles. They give a clear, brilliant light, and are not liable to be blown out by the wind. Mr. Manson, the Superintendent at Fort Simpson, says that the tail should be lighted instead of the head, and that each fish will last about fifteen minutes.

A newspaper of Santiago, Chili, relates a wondrous story of a gigantic bird which made its appearance in the air one evening about five o'clock, in the presence of a group of miners. It is described as being of immense size with a monstrous head in shape like a grasshopper, with great, brown wings, with enormous eyes wide opened and brilliant as stars, and covered with something like hair or bristles; the body, lengthening itself out like that of a serpent, was covered with brilliant scales, which emitted metallic sounds as the strange animal moved itself along. The superstitious believed that it was the devil in person, while others recollected having been witness, some years ago, in the same place, of the passage of a similar monstrous bird.

Brigham Young has planted one hundred and fifty acres of mulberries for himself; and other dwellers in Salt Lake City are following his example. The mulberry flourishes in that soil and climate, and will be a valuable production.

Among the latest bits of news we learn that the only business which has been thriving in Boston of late is the umbrella trade—that artificial hair is now made in Paris from bark—that Chinamen in California are fattening rats for the table—that the latest style is to hitch parasols to the side like swords—that the most recent fashion for ladies' sleeves resembles the wings of angels—that at a recent election for trustees in a church at Harlem five ladies cast votes without doing any harm; and that a learned German theologian has estimated that there are 44,435,556 devils.

Some rather irreverent versifier publishes "*Mrs. Judge Jenkins*," which he announces as the only genuine sequel to Whittier's "Maud Muller." The concluding couplets will indicate what this revised edition of the story is, and what was the "sequel:"

Alas for maiden! alas for Judge!
For the sentimental—that's one-half "fudge."
For Maud soon thought the Judge a bore,
With all his learning and all his lore;
And the Judge would have bartered Maud's fair face
For more refinement and social grace.
If, of all words of tongue and pen,
The saddest are, "It might have been,"
More sad are those we daily see,
"It is, but hadn't ought to be."

Prussia, which country has but recently adopted the use of postage stamps, disposed of no less than 69,661,070 during the past year, thereby realizing a sum of $2,759,622.

The Bronze Gallery of Messrs. Tiffany & Co., constantly replenished by the choicest productions of French and other foreign articles, is a favorite resort for connoisseurs, and is deservedly one of the attractions of the metropolis. In 1852 this firm commenced the manufacture of Bronze Gas Fixtures; and experience has shown that they are much more exactly and durably constructed than the foreign productions. It is said that Tiffany & Co. are the largest manufacturers of sterling silver-ware in the country. No article of jewelry except of the standard purity of metal (eighteen-carat gold) is permitted to leave their house, it being a positive business rule that all productions shall be of guaranteed excellence. An extensive Designing Room is connected with both the Jewelry and Silver-ware departments, and the designers have constantly on hand the freshest authorities in the way of theory and illustration. The growing fastidiousness of public taste is constantly requiring something out of the common range in the way of ornamentation, and the resources of the Designing Department are called into active requisition.

A chemist at Lyons has just poisoned two young ladies—by mistake, of course, giving them an infusion of belladonna instead of some other medicine. There is cause for apprehension, in the case of one of them, that the result may be fatal. The *Gallignani Messenger* states that about ten years ago a similar error was committed by one of the first *pharmaciens* in Paris, the victim being the Italian *tragedienne* Adelaide Ristori, who was saved with much difficulty. Carelessness on the part of chemists is unpardonable, as the general public are so completely powerless in their hands. We shut our eyes and open our mouths and take what the doctor orders, and the chemist chooses to send us, in entire confidence. In bluff King Hal's reign an Act provided a very refined punishment for poisoners, viz., boiling to death. It was passed in consequence of the Bishop of Rochester's cook having poisoned seventeen persons, two of whom died. One hundred and seventy Roman ladies were publicly executed, 331 B.C., for poisoning their husbands. In the seventeenth century the woman Tofania confessed to having been a party in poisoning 600 persons. Her poison was called *aqua tofana*, and was sold in small flat vials. The effect not being sudden, and the poison being as clear as water, no suspicion was caused for a long time.

An exact calculator has made an estimate based upon the salaries paid to ministers, and the number of sermons preached, and arrives at the conclusion that the average price paid for a sermon, to take the country through, is only *three cents apiece!*

From a letter dated "Paris, April 19," we make the following quotation:

"Having noticed an article in your *Weekly* for March 28, relative to the boring of an Artesian well on Colt's estate in Hartford, I have thought fit, as subscriber to your *Weekly*, and knowing the interest which you take in all industrial enterprises, to mention a few Artesian wells in France.

"The deepest well of this kind in France and probably in Europe, is at the Marine Hospital at Rochefort, made by the well-known firm of Messrs. Degousée, Charles Laurent & Co., of this city. This well was begun with the intention of obtaining fresh water for the use of the hospital. It was commenced at a diameter of 14 inches, and finished at 8 inches. After having bored to the depth of 2782 feet they reached hot mineral water, the temperature of which is 40 degrees centigrade, and will probably be used for bathing and other purposes by the hospital. Another well has been commenced, and is now boring at a quarter known as "La Chapelle" in Paris. It was commenced at a diameter of 5 feet 10 inches, and has attained the depth of 1235 feet. The actual diameter is 4 feet 4 inches, and boring is advancing at the rate of more than three feet per day through chalk.

"The French Government has caused a large number of these wells to be bored in Algiers, but the two above-mentioned are really worthy of notice."

It is stated that there is in operation in Chautauqua County, New York, a minkery, sufficient in size to accommodate a hundred of these animals; and it is believed that when the propagation of the mink is carried on extensively it will become a very profitable business. The animals must be taken when young, and domesticated. The expense of feeding is merely nominal, and the necessary arrangements simple.

ILLUMINATING OUR INNER SELVES.

The Chinese sword-swallowers at the Paris Exhibition were extraordinary performers in their way, but at this epoch of progress they have soon been distanced. Swallowing a sabre, at present, is nothing. The fashion now is to swallow a lighted lantern and brilliantly illuminate your inner man. You then become a living and walking gas-light; that is all.

It is evident that swallowing a lantern is only one remove in advance of swallowing a sword. Now there happen to be little electric lanterns which give light without burning. They are called Gessler's tubes, and are small glass cylinders, either empty or filled with azote, hydrogen, or carbonic acid gas, through which a voltaic current is made to pass. The tubes become sufficiently luminous to allow you to read printed letters held at several inches distant from them. When this miniature lantern is introduced into a stomach, the skin is transparent enough to permit your seeing the interior of the animal. There is no need for people to live in glass-houses, for they are hereby transformed into glass-houses themselves. Their domestic secrets are rudely divulged; and Diogenes would be delighted to find that, instead of a mere superficial outside view of his much desiderated honest man, he can now, with the newly-invented lantern, look a person through and through.

The experiment, which may be considered exceedingly curious until something still more strange is started, is only an extended copy of what has been practiced in medical art for some years past. For instance, there is the Ophthalmoscope, or Eye-inspector, of the German philosopher Helmholtz, a small instrument by means of which the interior of the eye being lighted up, it is possible to explore successfully the deepest portions of that intricate organ. Other instruments assist in the examination of divers internal parts of the human body. Not the least remarkable of these inquisitive apparatuses is the Laryngoscope, invented by a German physician named Czermak, for the inspection of the respiratory passages and the mechanism which produces the voice.

The vocal organ in man (which Dr. Tyndall truly describes as the most perfect of reed instruments) is placed at the top of the windpipe, the head of which is adjusted for the attachment of certain elastic bands, called "vocal chords," which almost close the aperture. When the air from the lungs is forced through the slit which separates these vocal chords, they are thrown into vibration. By varying their tension the rate of vibration is varied, and the sound changed in pitch. The sweetness and smoothness of the voice depend on the perfect closure of the slit of the glottis at regular intervals during the vibration.

The vocal chords may be illuminated and viewed in a mirror placed suitably at the back of the mouth. Dr. Tyndall once attempted to project M. Czermak's larynx upon a screen in his lecture-room, but with only partial success. The organ may, however, be viewed directly in the Laryngoscope, its motions, both in singing, speaking, and coughing, being strikingly visible. The roughness of the voice in colds is due, according to the aforesaid Helmholtz (learned in Acoustics), to mucous flocculi, which get into the slit of the glottis, and which are seen by means of the Laryngoscope. The squeaking falsetto voice with which persons are afflicted, the same Helmholtz thinks may be produced by the drawing aside of the mucous layer which ordinarily lies under and loads the vocal chords. Their edges thus become sharper, and their weight less; while their elasticity remaining the same, they are shaken into more rapid tremors. The promptness and accuracy with which the vocal chords can change their tension, their form, and the width of the slit between them render the voice the most perfect of musical instruments.

The order of the day, therefore, is that we should be able to see every thing, without exception. If we can look an animacule through and through by means of transmitted light; if, in the same way, we can behold the blood circulating in the tail of a tadpole or the foot of a frog, with all the minute vessels thereto pertaining, why should we not do so with larger animals, with our own proper selves? It is merely a question of degree. With a sufficient intensity of illuminating power there is no knowing what may not become transparent. And, in fact, a distinguished hygienist, M. Foussagrives, of Montpellier, attempted to render the internal viscera of our body visible by transmitted light. They were to be exhibited to by-standers as animated and most interesting transparencies. M. Brük, a German medical man, followed up the same line of research. Finally, at the Medical Congress of 1867, M. Milliot, a French physician residing at Kiew, gave an approximate solution of the problem.

His Splanchnoscope (or instrument intended to render the viscera internally visible) has been tried with success. It is in principle simply a Gessler's tube, or, more strictly speaking, a modification of the apparatus described in special treatises under the title of Mindeldorf's tube. At one of the meetings of the Congress, M. Milliot introduced his lantern into the stomach of a dog by means of an œsophagian probe. Through the skin, thus rendered transparent, the spectators were able to distinguish perfectly the interior of the dog's stomach in all its details. The experiment was tried a second time on the person of a cat; and it has quite recently been repeated in M. Henri de Parville's presence, the scientific collabôrateur of the *Constitutionnel*. M. Milliot has likewise introduced a tube more than a yard in length into a man's œsophagus; and the internal membrane of this deep-seated organ became perfectly distinguishable.

Cui bono? What is the good of all this? is a very natural question to ask. And, in truth, its utility is not very apparent. The system of internal lighting up having, however, been invented, its useful application will probably come afterward. Meanwhile, it will decide whether an absent dress-maker, while thinking where her Highland laddie has gone, has swallowed needles and pins instead of sauce piquante. It may settle the question whether Master Tommy or the cat has emptied all the pots of strawberry jam. At worst, it will be a formidable rival to sword-swallowing and Japanese feats of dexterity. Perhaps even next season's pantomime will give us a "pas brilliant," danced by human glow-worms shining with all their might and main, and followed up by a new edition of the Feast of Lanterns, with effects which no Chinese stage-manager ever dreamed of.

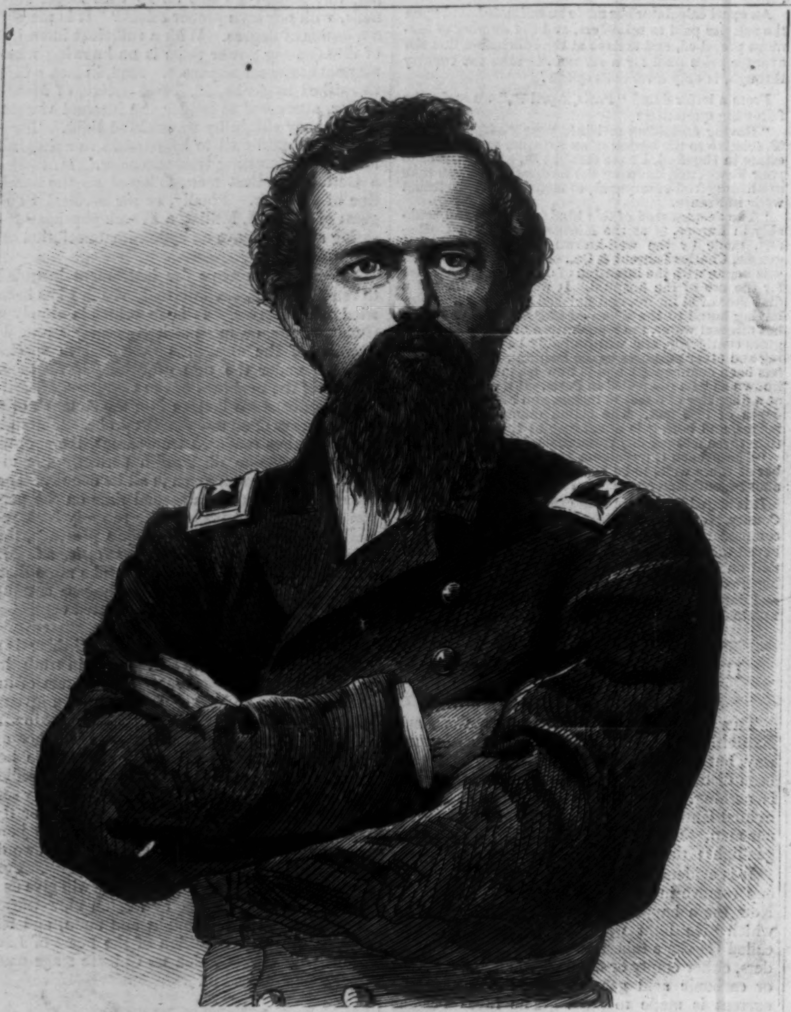
HON. DANIEL M. DURELL, OF LOUISIANA.

The subject of this sketch was born in the town of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in the year 1811. He entered Harvard University in the year 1827, and throughout his four-years' course was remarkable for his eager desire for general literature, especially that of the old masters. Here it was that he laid the broad and deep foundation for his vast and varied learning. After graduating he studied law in the office of his father, Hon. Daniel M. Durell, who had then removed to Dover, for two years, when under the auspices of Mr. Polk, afterward President, he went to New Orleans and commenced the practice of the law.

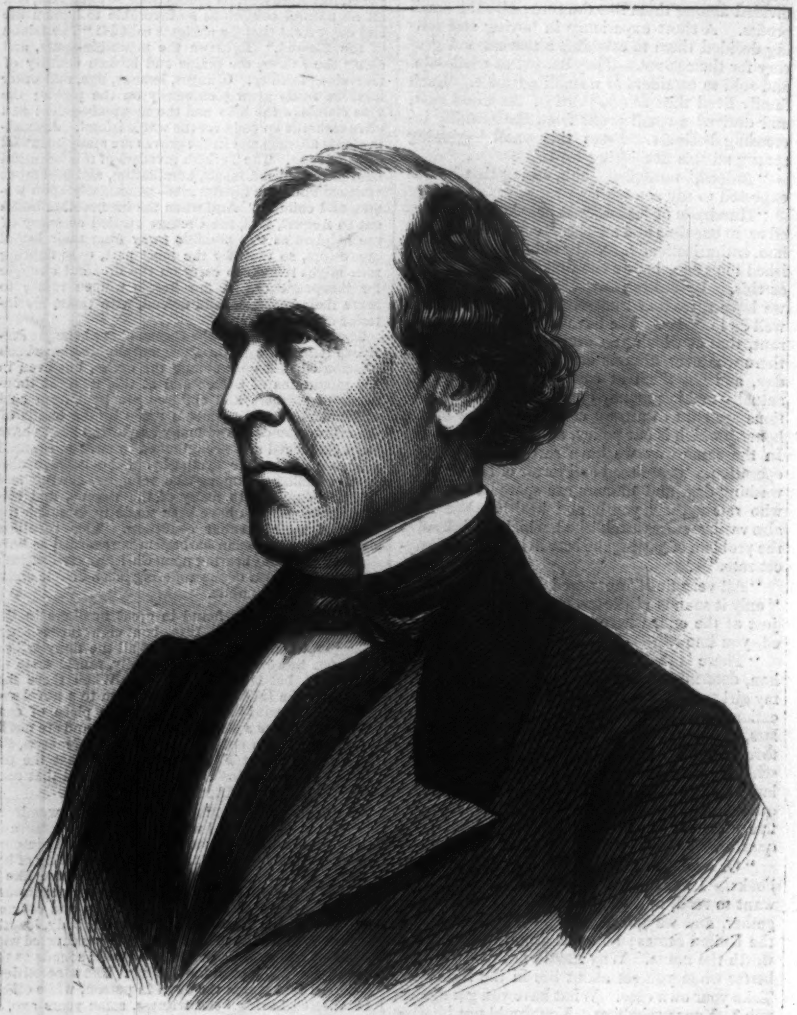
His twenty-five years' life in New Orleans prior to the rebellion may be briefly stated. It was the old narrative presenting a trial under which the pluck of most men yields—namely, that of large capacity and unfitting opportunity. With an ardent love for mankind, and a keen perception of the derangement and demoralization wrought by slavery, he saw little in Southern society or institutions with which he felt a sympathy. He therefore devoted himself almost exclusively to the study of books. In the conduct of his cases he was noticeable for the thoroughness with which he searched all the lore of the law for precedent or authority, but especially for the unrelenting grasp with which he clung to the great principles which they embodied. Once or twice he was drawn into the conduct of public affairs. He was the author of the present charter of the city of New Orleans, which was adopted in 1856, and which as a municipal constitution is, in all its details, a model; and now and then he made a draft of a statute, striking at some evil or introducing some good, which the public mind at first opposed, gradually traveled up to, and ultimately adopted. He made, in 1854, a vigorous effort to ally the South more closely with the great and free West, and for this purpose prepared and published a pamphlet of most elaborate statistics showing the connection and mutual dependence of the two sections. But for the most part he lived in a world of laborious and wide-reaching study.

The result of all this was that the year 1862 found him a most extensively and profoundly read lawyer, conversant to an extent allotted to but few men with literature and history, and not only fresh in his reading of the ancient classics, but also a thorough scholar in the French, German, and Spanish.

The year 1862 brought General Butler to New Orleans, and developed that this man of books had not read in vain, but had nurtured in his heart of hearts a reverence for the grandeur and beneficence of free institutions as represented by the Federal Government. This quality, together with manifest ability to understand men and judge of measures, led the commanding general to place him at the head of the Bureau of Finances of that prostrated and depleted city. To say that he re-established its credit does not do him justice; he re-established it swiftly and by methods which enabled it in its emptiness and absence of commerce to meet its liabilities with a promptness not surpassed in its extreme prosperity.

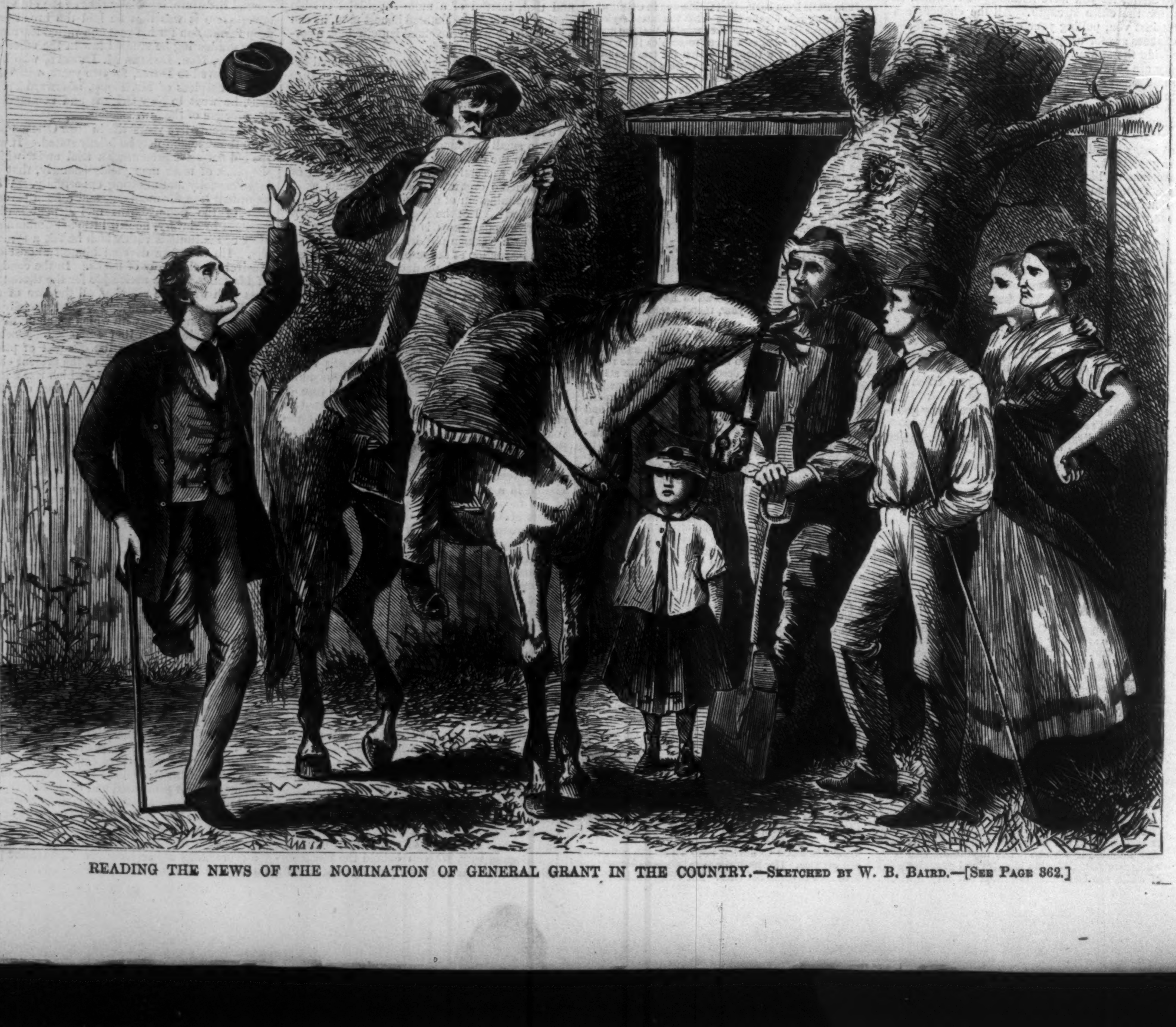


GENERAL JOSEPH R. HAWLEY, PRESIDENT OF THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.—[See Page 362.]

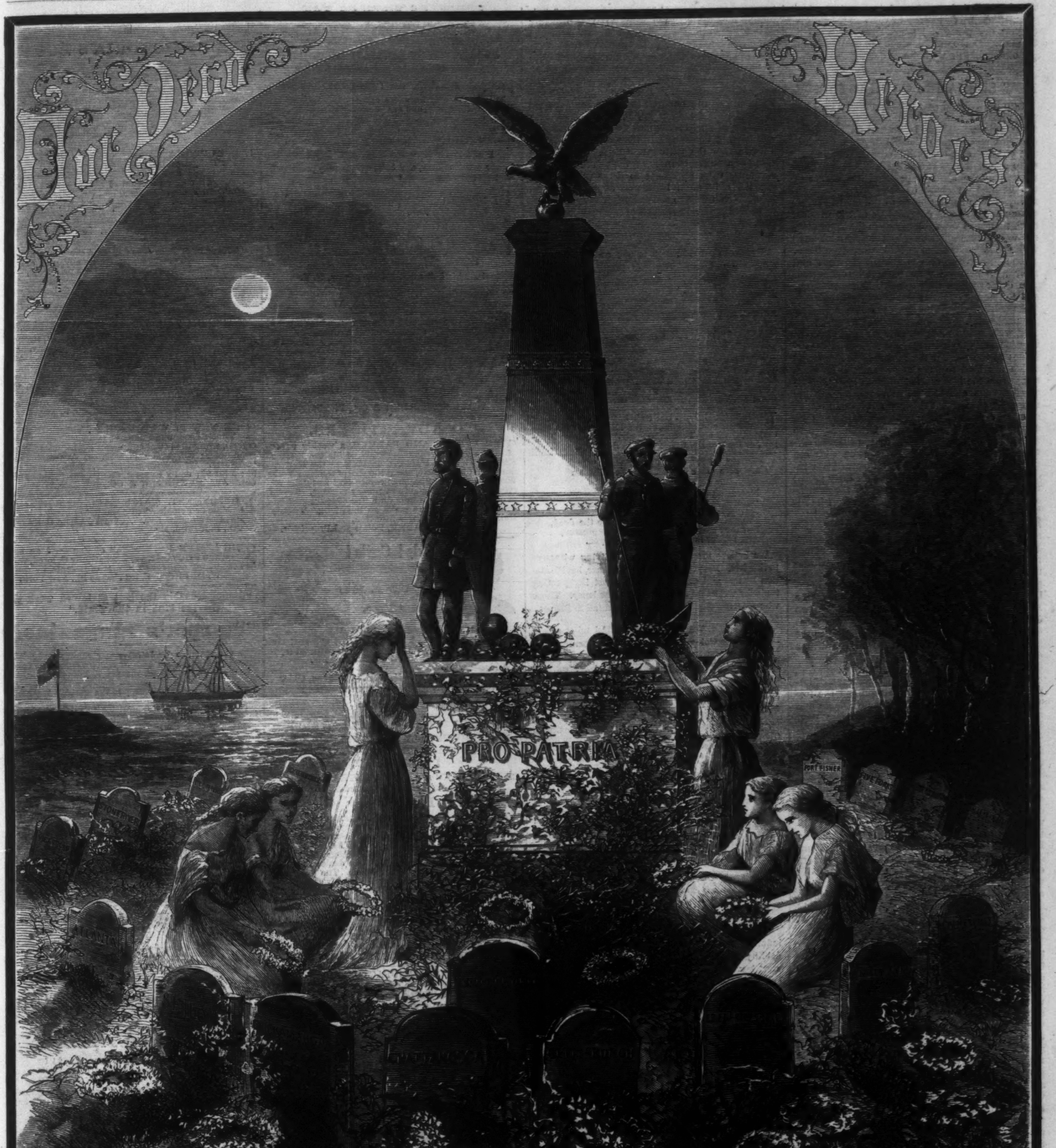


HON. DANIEL M. DURELL, OF LOUISIANA.

June, 1863, saw him placed upon the Bench of the United States District Court, where, sitting unaided both as District and Circuit Judge, were cast upon him the whole of Chancery, Common Law, and Admiralty Jurisdiction, together with the construction and application of the non-intercourse and confiscation acts and the settlement of the numerous delicate questions arising under the law of nations, on land and sea, in time of civil war. Truly these were the labors of Hercules, and performed, too, in the midst of a community for the greater part bitterly unfriendly to the Government whose interests he guarded and whose laws he enforced. But with firmness and kindness to all, following Lord Bacon's precept to Judges, he "raised the valleys and took down the hills." Not cumbering himself with authorities, except those of the leading cases, which seemed ineffaceably branded upon his mind, patient beyond praise in



READING THE NEWS OF THE NOMINATION OF GENERAL GRANT IN THE COUNTRY.—Sketched by W. B. Baird.—[See Page 362.]



HONORING OUR DEAD HEROES.

listening to well-digested and suggestive argument, curt to severity when sophistry would seek to pervert facts or principles, with a memory which seems never to have let go any material fact, he has unweariedly and exhaustively analyzed the perplexing questions brought before him, and with gigantic strength and upon broadest grounds solved them, until political foes listening to his luminous reasoning—so simple that a child could comprehend it—were compelled to admit its conclusiveness. "His very statement is argument; his inference seems demonstration." The common-sense justice of a case being always to him its atmosphere, he rests his decision upon principles which, when enunciated by him, are so evident that the wonder is that any one should have missed them. The force of his influence as Judge has changed the manner of reasoning, and more or less the practice in his own courts, and indirectly those of the State courts of Louisiana. For while he has preserved all the spirit of equity with which the civil law abounds, he has substituted, and prepared the way to substitute, for its looser methods the more clearly defined forms and modes of the common law.

The spring and summer of 1864 placed upon him fourfold duties of great magnitude. He was acting-Mayor of the city of New Orleans; he sat daily as Judge in his own thronged courts; he sat as Chief of the Finance Bureau, and from the chaos which had there reigned was steadily evoking system; and he presided over the Constitutional Convention of 1864, assembled under the orders of President LINCOLN, and largely through the weight of his personal character, notwithstanding their turbulence and acrimony in discussion, secured harmonious and, in a high degree, wise action in the Constitution promulgated; and as executive officer, financier, statesman, and jurist made his official duties appear rather as ornaments than burdens. He passed from one to the other as readily as a master musician changes the air or the strain—not perplexed by even these multiform demands—and performing all with wondrous ease and consummate ability.

It is unfortunate for the profession that his decisions have as yet not been reported. Involving as they do so wide a range of subjects, reached with such intellectual strides and elaborated with such research and learning, they are worthy of the age which produced a MARSHALL, and would be invaluable as a permanent element of American jurisprudence.

There is to be derived from his experience a lesson for the young and aspiring. The twenty-five years of his retirement, instead of being wasted in idleness or frivolity or mean pursuits, were day and night assiduously devoted to drawing from the sources of law and literature, what has proved a magnificent preparation for the high career toward which he was possibly unconsciously but surely advancing, and which he now finds to be powerful auxiliaries, all the tributes which he so patiently and earnestly levied from the whole realm of reading. Let, then, native talent take courage and labor without cessation or weariness for the opportunities which, though unseen and undeveloped, near or far off, God by his appointments ever vouchsafes to the great and greatly industrious.

HONORING OUR DEAD HEROES.

THE 30th of May was appointed, by General JOHN A. LOGAN, commanding the Grand Army of the Republic, as a day on which the late soldiers of the Union belonging to that organization should unite in strewing with flowers or otherwise decorating the graves of their comrades who fell in the late war. In this observance no form of ceremony was prescribed, but each Post of the Grand Army was urged to arrange in its own way such fitting service and testimonial of respect as circumstances would permit. "Let us," said General LOGAN, in his address, "at the time appointed gather around their sacred remains and garland the passionless mounds above them with the choicest flowers of spring-time; let us raise above them the dear old flag they saved from dishonor; let us in this solemn presence renew our pledges to aid and assist those whom they have left among us a sacred charge upon a nation's gratitude, the soldier's and sailor's widow and orphan."

It is hoped and believed that this ceremony thus inaugurated may grow into a custom which will be kept up from year to year. Our engraving on the preceding page, from a design by CHARLES PARSONS, is intended to commemorate the order, and as a tribute to our fallen heroes.

HOW SURNAMES CAME INTO USE.

IN primitive and scanty communities men neither received nor required more than a single name apiece. There is no reason to suppose that this name ever consisted of a word arbitrarily chosen, and conferred without object as a mere appellative. It expressed either some fact relative to the birth or personal appearance of the newly-born child, or—perhaps more commonly—some aspiration as to the infant's future character or career on the part of the parents. Such names as were originated in the latter manner would naturally enough be closely associated with the religious belief of those who chose them.

The mythology of the ancient Teutons and their nomenclature were intimately connected. The deities whom they dreaded and worshiped, and the heroic qualities which they attributed to those deities, supplied a large proportion of their personal titles. Their simple root names, however, were soon to a great extent merged in combinations, although among our monosyllabic surnames at the present time some are to be found which are held to have come down to us unaltered from the highest Teutonic antiquity. The combinations adopted were frequently suitable and suggestive. But this can not be said of all, or even of most of them. In the course of time names were conjoined with but little regard to appropriateness, being evidently the titles of different heroes, who had been invested with appellations denoting various and sometimes incongruous qualities. So that at an early period the influence of actual persons upon the nomenclature of our progenitors began to assert its superiority over that of regard for titular propriety; in other words, the power of human association soon superseded the love of verbal consistency. It is interesting to note in the Teutonic names the prominent homage paid to work and will, to the virtues of firmness and determination; and while we contrast these titles with the more highly romantic and poetical denominations of the Kelt, we can not fail to recognize in the two classes of names the early manifestation of those diverse qualities which have appropriated to the races their widely different *rôles* in the drama of history.

But the single personal name was sufficient only under the most primitive conditions of human life. Growing numbers rendered the frequent repetition of similar titles unavoidable, and further methods of distinction became necessary. In common with most other races, the Anglo-Saxons resorted to two or three simple means for meeting the necessity. Men came to be called the *sons of their fathers*, while personal peculiarities originated nicknames, which also sometimes served to distinguish individuals. The situation of a man's residence, or his occupation, moreover, frequently supplied a description of him which answered, to a certain extent, as an additional name. There must have been, however, in the generality of cases, a great deal of uncertainty attendant upon the use of these modes of distinction. And even in those instances in which the second title, from being constantly applied, answered most of the ends of a modern surname, it related to the individual only, and involved nothing like a system of *family* nomenclature.

The first movement toward distinctive family titles seems, indeed, to have been made in a different direction, and to have consisted not in the adoption of a second name at all, but in the modification of the personal or fore-name. A prefix was selected, which was made common to the appellations of all the members of a family; and with this prefix the different and distinguishing terminations were compounded. Æthel-, Æd-, and Ælf- were prefixes of this description; and these, with many other similar ones, were employed in a great variety of combinations. This system, however, was but rarely employed, and was not even perfectly carried out by those who in a measure adopted it.

The year 1000 has been mentioned as the probable period at which surnames—in the present acceptation of the word—were first regularly employed. To the Normans belongs the credit of having instituted them.

The feudal system naturally tended to create surnames out of landed possessions, and at the same time to limit their use to the upper classes. For a long time, therefore, they were the privileged titles of the few, and not the means of family distinction employed by the people in general. It may be said that five centuries elapsed from the date of their importation to that of their general adoption throughout the country—during which interval they were but slowly spreading downward through society. It is difficult now to follow closely the gradual process by which the ancient forms of designation became, as it were, crystallized into the consistency of permanent and hereditary surnames; but it is certain that a large proportion of our family titles of today are substantially identical with the mere descriptive terms used to distinguish individuals, from the early years of Anglo-Saxon history downward. Thus it has happened that names representing mere personal caprice and popular fancy have taken their places among those originated in more regular ways, and that the patronymics, the titles derived from lands, from situation of residences, from trades and qualities, have been handed down to us amidst a heterogeneous multitude of other appellations, which, as we have seen, are surprising from their variety, and often perplexing from their extreme oddness. The process by which the ancient personal names of pre-Norman times have been perpetuated in the form of surnames demands a moment's separate consideration. It was probably a not uncommon practice among such of the Anglo-Saxon race as were enabled by their energy of character to obtain their deliverance from serfdom under Norman rule, and to regain something of the social position which they had lost at the Conquest, to recur, in choosing their family name, to the honored title of some ancestor of their own. Had it not been for this loving adoption of ancestral names we should probably find among those of our family denominations which follow the patronymic form scarcely any thing of a Saxon character; for by the time that surnames were beginning to come into general use the old Saxon baptismal appellations had mostly given way to the Johns, Jameses, Thomases, Williams, and Roberts of Norman introduction.

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S. T.—1860.—X.

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"*It was not as deep as a well, nor as wide*
As a gate, but it would do."
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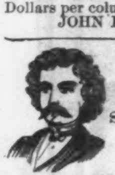

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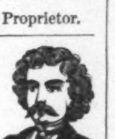

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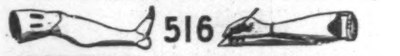

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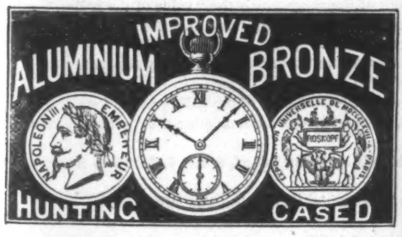

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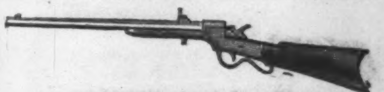

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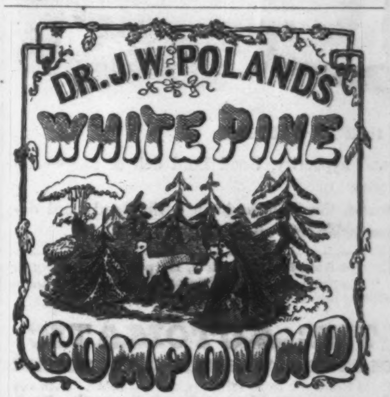

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